School of Theology at Claremont
1001 1342654

The Library

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT

WEST FOOTHILL AT COLLEGE AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

VISION TRIUMPHANT

A SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE

AELFRIDA TILLYARD

VISION TRIUMPHANT

A SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE

BV
4832
T5

VISION TRIUMPHANT

A SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE

BY

AELFRIDA TILLYARD

AUTHOR OF
"THE GARDEN AND THE FIRE," "THE MAKING OF A MYSTIC," ETC.

LONDON
JAMES CLARKE & CO., 13 & 14, FLEET ST., E.C. 4

TO

EUSTACE AND WILLIE

Theology Library
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT
California

VISION TRIUMPHANT

A SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE

1. *From Noel Ashton to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE VICARAGE,
FENBRIDGE,
CAMBS.
July 1, 1914.

DEAR CATHARINE,

You have always been so good in taking an interest in all my affairs, that I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am engaged to be married. I have been here since the end of last term, reading Theology with the vicar, Mr. Barrington. He is an old college friend of Father's, and a sound Churchman. Mrs. Barrington has all along been very good to me, and I feel quite like her son already. She is just simple and motherly, and puts a fellow at his ease at once. There are eight children, their ages ranging from five to nineteen, but three of them—Roger, Charlie, and

Alice—are away at school, and I have not seen them yet.

Silvia is the eldest. To me she seems marvellously beautiful. I do not know whether she is most like a fawn, a squirrel, a song-bird, or a wild flower. But there is in her something shy and woodland, something infinitely sweet and fragrant and indescribable, that needs to be seen to be known. For such a wood-fairy of a girl she is, however, very practical. She and the vicar manage the garden and the pony between them, and the churchyard too. She plays the organ in church, and arranges exquisite flowers on the altar. She makes her own dresses, which seem to belong to her as naturally and beautifully as petals do to a flower. In short, she is in every way admirably fitted to be my wife and to help me in that work as a parish priest to which you, my dear Catharine, so warmly approved of my dedicating myself.

Silvia will doubtless stay with us at the Lodge early next term, and I shall look forward to bringing her to see you.

With kind regards to your husband,

Yours ever,

Noel Ashton.

2. *From Silvia Barrington to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE VICARAGE,
FENBRIDGE.
July 1, 1914.

MY DARLING CATHARINE,

The most wonderful thing in the whole world has happened—Noel Ashton has asked me to be his wife! I can't even begin to tell you how happy I am, and how full of thankfulness to God. The best part of it is that everyone seems to be happy about it too. Mother and Daddy say it is *exactly* what they would have wished, and even Barbara (aged five) says that since *she* is not old enough to marry dear Noah (she *will* call him Noah) she is quite pleased to let *me* have him.

I feel so overwhelmed with gratitude to God, and with everyone being so sweet to me at once, that I can hardly collect my thoughts to tell you all about everything coherently—but you do understand, don't you, Catharine? I am trying not to neglect any of my duties because I go about in a kind of dream of bliss, and I don't suppose God is angry with me for—*just this once* —giving myself up to being happy. Do tell me if you think I am doing wrong in any way, because you are my father-confessor, aren't you, darling?

Well! Noel has been here for—oh! it is only three weeks—reading Theology with Dad. And, of course, I have seen a lot of him. He was so kind and helpful in the garden; and then he liked coming out walks with Barbara and Jim and May; and he loves music too, and turned over the pages for me when I was practising the organ. Then, since he is going to take Holy Orders, and his father being Principal of a Theological College, of course I could rely on his caring about the kind of things I do. So in the evenings, sometimes, we strolled in the garden and talked about religion and all that. He seems so wonderfully *sure* about things, never to have had any doubts like some young men do. Even Roger, who is only fifteen, got doubts when he went to Lancing. Perhaps it was the way Noel was brought up, and his mother and father being so particular about his friends.

To think I have not even told you what he is like! Well! he is tall and fair, with very straight features and lovely smooth hair (not always rough and blown about, like my curls), and he has a beautiful protecting manner to women. I don't know whether I love or admire him the more. Daddy thinks no end of him, and of course that makes me ever so happy, because Daddy and I are such friends, and I value his opinion so much.

There's the bell ringing for Evensong—I must *fly*.

With love,
SILVIA.

P.S.—Perhaps you *know* Noel—how absurd of me never to have asked him.

---

3. *From Mrs. Ashton to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE LODGE,
LATIMER HALL,
CAMBRIDGE.
July 10, 1914.

MY DEAR CATHARINE,

Thank you very much for your kind letter of congratulation on Noel's engagement. As you very justly observe, the match appears to be a suitable one in every respect, and were it not that I had long cherished a wish that Noel should marry the daughter of the dear Bishop of Ely, whose son, Robert Elmore, was his great chum at school, I should have been altogether delighted at the dear boy's choice. However, Silvia Barrington is a pretty little thing, and will make a good clergyman's wife. Her father is an old friend of my husband's, and his wife was one of the Cornish Trelowarrens, who are a very good family. I am

thankful that my dear son's choice has not fallen on one of these modern slangy young women who race about on bicycles from one hockey match to another, and are a disgrace to their sex. Even the dowdiness of the Newnham girls that we see going every day to lectures, passes belief. Silvia is rather countrified in style, but she knows what suits her. I hope dear Noel will be happy in his choice. As you say, he has not, except for the time he had the measles at school, caused me and his father a day's uneasiness since his birth, and when he informed us last Christmas, on his twenty-first birthday, that he had decided to go into the Church, we felt that our careful training of him was receiving its due reward. I have very little patience with all this modern talk about children being so difficult to bring up. Firmness, kindness, and sound Church teaching are all, in my opinion, that are needed. My dear boy has certainly been no trouble. May your children bring you equal happiness and do you equal credit!

Pray remember me very kindly to Mr. Sutherland and give a kiss to each of the little ones.

Yours affectionately,

EMILY ASHTON.

4. *From Silvia Barrington to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE VICARAGE,
FENBRIDGE.
July 24, 1914.

DEAREST CATHARINE,

Fancy your knowing Noel so well, and being a little bit *his* father-confessor too! (*He* calls it "Straightener," because you do, and says quite a lot of men he knows go to you for advice about spiritual difficulties. I wonder what Daddy would think about men asking a woman for counsel.) I talked to Noel about you the very evening after my last letter. He told me of a long talk he had with you at Christmas just about the time of his twenty-first birthday, when he was wondering whether he should be a missionary or a clergyman, and how you said he was not "awake" yet, and had not any way got the missionary temperament, and how he ought to go abroad for a year and travel, or do settlement work or something, before making up his mind. You said he was young for his age too—oh, Catharine, how *dared* you! Noel seems to me so wise, so mature, so much more experienced than I, that though he is only two years older than I am, I look up to him as I do to Daddy. I hope I shan't lean on him too much, especially in religion, because one ought to be alone with God there, ought not one, in

spite of what Milton says—"She for God in him. . . ." By the way, I don't know whether Noel was quite, *quite* pleased at my being so intimate with you, for he looked grave and said I belonged to him now, and that I must not tell you anything without telling him first. So I promised. Of course he means *important* things. A lot of what I say to you is just nonsense and chatter, isn't it, darling, and he would not want to be bothered with it. Of course I know he won't always have time to listen to me as he does now. Even Daddy, who adores mother, sometimes gets up and goes away to his study in the middle of something she is telling him about the servants or a new baby in the village.

Well! isn't being engaged *lovely?* I've been writing round and telling people, and being so pleased and happy to think that there is nothing horrid that I have to write about Noel. Suppose I had to say, "Dear Aunt Mary, I am engaged to be married to a perfectly charming young man, but he has only one eye," or "but his name is Miggs," or "but he has been engaged three times before," or "but he is an atheist"—or, no, if he *were* an atheist of course I couldn't have been going to marry him, could I? It would not be right, would it? Of course, if dreadful things happen afterwards, you have to make the best of it (like Catherine in "Robert Elsmere"), but

there is no excuse for deliberately marrying an unbeliever, is there, after what St. Paul says? Anyway, it is a big, big part of my happiness that Noel and I think alike on all important matters.

What *do* you mean, by the way, in your last letter by talking about "the war-cloud over Europe, which may change the lives of each one of us"? Suppose Servia and Austria fight, what possible difference can it make to us here in England? Of course it is very dreadful that people should fight, but don't those savage nations rather enjoy it? Are not there always wars going on somewhere, that we hardly notice? Why do you try and frighten me? What could ever disturb the perfect peace of this English village?

Do you know, I want to live in just such a village *always*—and Noel says he would love it too. Of course he may have to go and work in a town for a while after he is ordained, and I will gladly go and work there too, but we do hope that he will *quite soon* get a college living, and we can settle down in the country for the rest of our lives. He has a little money, so he could take quite a poor living, he says. Aren't I a fortunate girl? I wonder why God is so good to me.

With love,

SILVIA.

5. *From Noel Ashton to Mrs. Sutherland.*

FENBRIDGE VICARAGE,
CAMBS.
October 1, 1914.

DEAR CATHARINE,

Now that the whole face of the world is changed and that there is a moratorium of Christianity, you will not be surprised that I have given up, at any rate for the present, all idea of taking orders, and have applied for a commission in the army. You must be struck, as I am, by the utter futility of preparing to preach "*peace on earth, good-will to men*" at a time when the so-called Christian nations of Europe are flying at each other's throats. Moreover, if I were to spend my energy over Hebrew roots and Greek verbs while the Germans are murdering Belgians and devastating the fair fields of France, I should feel like a cad who stood by and saw a woman insulted. I return to Cambridge to-morrow, to put in some work with the O.T.C. while waiting for my commission, and shall look you up presently. Good old O.T.C.! We thought it was only a convenient form of eccer, and a jolly good game, and never thought what we learnt there would come in handy.

I tell you honestly that I have no wish to be a soldier, and only go because I ought. I have

tried to put the whole beastly thing out of my mind, but every time I walked down the village street with Silvia I saw "*Young Men of England, there is fighting to be done*," and I knew perfectly well that if there was fighting to be done, I had to go and do it.

As for Silvia, I am very much disappointed in her. I thought she would see the question as I do, but she talked a lot of silly girlish rubbish about turning the other cheek and its being unchristian to bear arms. I told her she was only fit to marry a bloodless Quaker, but though she cried a little and was silent after that, I could see that she was not convinced. Give me a quiet girl for obstinacy! Still, she is sure to come round to my way of thinking in the end. After all, she has been trained, like most women, to feel, rather than to reason, and one must not blame her for being unable to see her way clearly under changed conditions. She should, however, have been all the readier to accept my guidance.

I shall enjoy a chat with you, and shall probably drop in soon.

Yours ever,

NOEL ASHTON.

6. *From Silvia Barrington to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE VICARAGE,
FENBRIDGE.
November 2, 1914.

DEAREST CATHARINE,

I do admire you for remaining somehow so steadfast and unchanged in spite of the war. Most people seem to be quite different; the village is different; I am different; and sometimes I can't help wondering whether God isn't different too. I want you to find me something to think about—"meditate on," as you say, though I am sure scatter-brained little simpletons like your Silvia can't do anything as wise as meditate. But I want a rather special big thought, to hold on to *tight*.

Well! You can't think how this household is changed. Daddy does not seem to care a bit about the garden or the parish, but only for the daily paper, and for tearing about with the Squire in his car and addressing recruiting meetings. Mother makes us all go to nursing lectures, and knit horrid things that I am sure nobody wants to wear. And all the Fenbridge lads (ten in all—the rest went away to London long ago) have enlisted. Daddy and the Squire simply *made* them. Even church is changed, because Daddy preaches furious sermons against the

Germans and quite makes me jump, he shouts so. One of the Squire's daughters, Maisie, the one I never liked, has given up going to church because she says that Christianity has been proved a failure and mankind will have to evolve a new religion—a religion of *masses* (whatever that means). She wants to go away and nurse—I hope she will, though I can't see what comfort she could give a dying soldier, do you, Catharine? "Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes. . . ." That is the only possible comfort, isn't it?

Do you know, sometimes I am quite sad—I *never* was before. I used to go off to sleep saying a hymn, and then wake in the morning, with the sun in my room and the birds singing, or the patter of rain on the leaves, and thank God for the joy of a new day, and now I wake in the night and think of God's children killing each other, and I almost want to *scream*. Am I a wicked, ungrateful girl, when I have so much to be thankful for?

I get very short letters from Noel. I suppose he is dreadfully busy. Does he ever come to see you? Do you think *he* is going to be changed too?

With a big kiss,

SILVIA.

7. *From Mrs. Sutherland to Silvia Barrington.*

THE GRANGE,
SOUTH ROAD,
CAMBRIDGE.
November 4, 1914.

DEAR LITTLE SILVIA,

Just as your letter came, I was thinking of a solitary walk that I took at Fenbridge three years ago. Did I ever tell you about it? I went out alone across the fens, you know the way, towards the old cuts where the reeds stand as tall as a man on horseback, and the wild-fowl make their nests. It was growing towards evening, and the fens stretched away, still and mysterious like the sea. When I got to the little rise in the land, by Yew Tree Farm, I turned, knowing from the glow on the roof of the big barn, that I should see, when I faced the other way, some radiance in the sky behind Ely Cathedral. I was not prepared, however, for the glory of flame and light that flowed across the heavens behind the quiet towers. Sunsets are impossible to describe and not very easy to remember—anyhow, I just worshipped that one, and see its long streamers of light and colour before my eyes now. I fell to thinking of the old cathedral there, of the long-dead men who had laboured to build it, and of women, living at the same farm many years ago, who had

gazed across the fens, as I was gazing, and seen the work of God in the sky behind the black outline of the work of men—and of women who should, in years to come, look and worship and understand. It came over me that the slow building and enduring and crumbling away of that great cathedral was no more to God than the budding and blooming and falling of a rose.

It is odd how the sense of our importance varies. Sometimes we feel so big that all the horizon is filled with our needs, our work, our plans for the future—the nice little surprises we prepare for the gratification of our own sensuous or moral self—and so forth. At such times God only exists for us in so far as He can minister to our well-being. Sometimes, again, we can hardly see ourselves, so tiny a speck are we on the immensity of the universe. I can bring back to my mind now my own feeling of passionate humility and abasement as I looked at the sunset behind Ely Cathedral. Had it not been counterbalanced by a sense of the greatness of God, it would have been unbearable in its pain.

Out of it arose a deeper conviction than I had ever known, that though we are but as the dust blown about the roadway of Time ; or the least of all the spirits that make up the invisible kingdom of God ; we are essential to the well-being of God. It will perhaps be the final mystery to be revealed

to us how it is that His Infinity has need of our littleness. But I scorn and reject with anger all conception of God that represents Him as complacently satisfied and complete in Himself. The human race has no value unless He needs it, exactly in the same measure as it needs Him.

Unless you knew me well, and I knew you well, I should fear that you were thinking these remarks of mine irrelevant to your sadness, and as quite beside the point. I want you to hold fast, first of all, the *changelessness of God.* And then the equal *insignificance* and *significance* of each human being. The world is going to change. For some of us the sun will be hidden and the stars seem to reel, and we shall be in danger of losing our bearings. In blindness and darkness, if need be, we must hold fast to God. Your faith, Silvia, will be very precious, not only to yourself but to others. Tend it well.

Then, when men begin to think in millions, and lives are held very cheap, the value of the individual may tend to be overlooked. It is the business of Christianity to keep nations from flinging men about by the hundred thousand as though they were so many bales of goods. But there! Silvia, I am talking to myself rather than to you, though you always say you don't like my letters unless there is something in them that you can't understand!

As for Noel, dear child, he is bound to change. You can only pray that he change for the better. He knows rather less about life, it seems to me, than you do. He will have to con many lessons in a great hurry. However, as the old woman in the slums said, "The Lord will muddle him through somehow." (That might be a national motto, by the way!) Noel will probably say a great many things to you that you won't like, and you must listen without showing how much he hurts you. Only don't imagine that every opinion he gives vent to, is his final judgment on the subject in hand.

Good-bye, dear child. I always feel that God has a particular feeling of tenderness for Silvia Barrington, and that you need not, consequently, worry about anything.

CATHARINE.

---

8. *From Silvia Barrington to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE VICARAGE,
FENBRIDGE.
December 23, 1914.

DARLING CATHARINE,

This is just another *extra* letter, to send you another Christmas kiss and to tell you that Noel has had two days' leave and been here. He looks so wonderfully handsome in uniform, and with a

moustache. Of course I know I ought not to be influenced by such things, but I do feel *thankful* he is so pleasant to look at. Another gift of God to me—to me unworthy! Noel had such a lot to tell us, all about his regiment and his work and his men, that the time simply *flew*. Of course we did not get much time alone together. In the winter it is different, isn't it? I should not have minded strolling in the garden in the evening with Noel, but the others would have thought we were going to catch cold and bothered about us, so of course we could not. Besides, they all wanted to hear what he had to say, especially Roger, who is wild to be allowed to enlist, though he is only sixteen.

Noel didn't seem quite—how shall I put it, Catharine?—*at peace in his soul* as he used to. I suppose it is the war. He would not come to Early Celebration, but of course he was tired; only at Evensong he didn't seem to be drinking it up or pouring something out of himself, which are the two things one naturally does in church, aren't they? (I put things so stupidly, Catharine! I wish I were clever like you.) I wanted to say something to him about it, but I was too shy. Besides, I remembered that of course God knew, and I must not be a little busybody.

Well! it was a lovely time, and I don't deserve half the happiness. Only one thing went wrong.

At dinner on the second day Roger reminded Daddy that he had said that the war would be over by Christmas and that by January at the latest the Allies and Russia would have joined hands at Berlin. There was rather an awkward silence and I cried, "Well! if we had all thrown our guns into the sea and gone down on our knees, it would have been over in three days," and Daddy said "SILVIA," in that awful tone he uses to the boys before he is going to cane them, and then, "Your words are an insult to the gallant soldier who has done you the honour to ask you to be his wife." That made me choke over my pudding so that I had to get up and run out of the room. When I came back, I said, "I'm sorry, Daddy." But Noel was not at all pleased and he gave me quite a long lecture about it afterwards.

I have been thinking all these last weeks about the changelessness of God, and every sunset has reminded me of how great He is. (They have been particularly beautiful this year, and full of meaning as though they understood about the war and people's troubles. I have been so *friends* with the sky, more than usual even.) Mustn't it be dreadful not to have been brought up to worship? Daddy says some people find it *hard.*

Now I've got the Christ-child to think about. Don't you *love* Christmas? Mother has made us give all our pocket-money to the Red Cross, so

we are making each other presents instead. Roger and Alice and I have just finished a *glorious* doll's house for the little ones.

Surely *long* before *next* Christmas there will be peace.

Such love and kisses, and, oh! God bless you, darling.

SILVIA.

P.S.—Noel *has* changed. Perhaps it is just thinking about an entirely different set of things. When Daddy talked to him about Hensley Henson and the Dissenters, he did not seem a bit interested, and he had forgotten who was Bishop of Truro.

P.S.—I *did* hope, a little, that perhaps he would suggest our getting married soon, in case he was sent to France, but he did not.

---

9. *From Noel Ashton to Mrs. Sutherland.*

WITH THE B.E.F.,
FRANCE.

June 20, 1915.

DEAR CATHARINE,

This is to tell you that I am writing to Silvia Barrington to ask her to release me from my engagement. Everything is over between us. I could not possibly make her happy. Our engagement has become a farce, since I have no

interest in life beyond finishing off this beastly war as soon as possible, and doing my bit towards wiping the filthy Boche off the face of the earth.

If Silvia is inclined to take my decision to heart, will you try and make her see that I am not the man who asked her to marry him? He is as dead as if he had had a bullet through his head (which is pretty certain to happen to me if fighting goes on at this rate many weeks longer). I thought life was a soft sort of job, where one behaved decently at college, pleased one's people at home, and settled down to be a country parson. Life is not strolling in a vicarage garden with a pretty girl. It is devastated country and ruined villages, Huns shooting old men and raping women; it is mud and stench and lice and dead men built into parapet walls (there is a stiff leg with a boot on sticking out of the side of the trench just by me—we hang our hats or belts on him); and No Man's Land, where the bodies lie and rot, and the Boche snipes at us when we try and bring our wounded in. *God!* How can there be a God? He is certainly neither all-loving nor all-powerful, and, being neither, cannot exist. As for religion in the trenches, don't you believe what the padres dish up for the benefit of old women at home. If a man keeps his faith out here, it is just from force of habit. If he gets religion out here,

it is sheer funk, because he can't face the machine guns and the high explosives without some kind of moral backing. Don't you listen to the padres when they tell you the men crowd to their services in the huts. Ask them whether it is not the only warm place for the men to go (in the winter), or whether the life here is not such a damned dull mixture of boredom and fear that anything is a relief. As for the padres, they are a perfect nuisance, for we have to take as much care of them as if they were babies.

Silvia is a good girl, but she certainly would not marry a man who has no religion. She had better forget me as soon as possible and marry the first parson who asks her. Sometimes I think of her eyes, and her pretty, shy way of raising them quickly to my face, and I feel I shall never forget her, but marriage is unthinkable. Nothing matters but finishing the war and kicking the Boche out of France and Belgium; and I have no wish even when it is over, and if I should come through it, to bring children into the world to suffer as I have suffered.

By the way, some of the fellows rather enjoy the life out here. Rob Elmore, my chum, says it is jolly decent. He likes the open air and the comradeship and the danger and all that. He says he could never go back to ordinary civilization. I always thought he was pretty thick-

skinned. Still, delicate sensibilities are certainly out of place in the British Army.

You might keep an eye on Silvia, will you? She deserves to be happy.

Yours ever,
NOEL ASHTON.

P.S.—Don't show this letter to the Mater. I always tell her what a ripping time I'm having. I have written to her already about Silvia.

---

10. *From Mrs. Sutherland to Noel Ashton.*

THE GRANGE,
SOUTH ROAD,
CAMBRIDGE.
June 30, 1915.

DEAR NOEL,

I think you have made a great mistake in breaking off your engagement. You have acted in an unkind and exceedingly selfish way. Why are you in such a hurry? Why did you not wait until your next leave, and then you could have discussed the matter with her, or with me? Probably Silvia already looks on herself as your wife. She is one of the old-fashioned, faithful kind who give their love once and for all.

Dear Noel, I am so sorry! So sorry you feel as you do about everything. I wish I could hold

your hands in mine and convey to you something of my sympathy. Instead of which I am going to be thoroughly disagreeable. You don't even need to forgive me—be as angry with me as you like! I am sure I deserve it.

Do you know that you used to be a prig? I often wanted to tell you so, but you would only have gazed at me in mild contempt for my foolishness, and forgiven me with a pitying smile. Your religion was always a flimsy fabric, and that is why it has collapsed. You knew nothing about God, nothing about spiritual experience, nothing about reality. It used to make my blood boil to see the way you patronized the Almighty, and how you considered that you were doing a very noble and estimable thing by condescending to go into the Church. So you offered Him your careful upbringing, your correct ecclesiastical views, and your nice sense of artistic ritual, without having the faintest suspicion that there was anything inadequate in the gift. I used to watch you go on your serene and gentlemanly way, discussing superficial intellectual problems with superficial intellectual friends, and mildly despising all other young men less admirable than yourself. As for Silvia, you patronized her too. It never seemed to dawn on you that you were not worthy to have the care of so pure and lovely a nature, and that she was as much a child of God and of nature as

you were of mild ecclesiasticism and well-meaning smugness. (No disrepect to your parents! They could not help it.)

You can't have lost God, because you never had Him. You had better begin at the beginning, and look about for Him. Look in men's hearts first, if you like. All the religion about you can't be the humbug you suppose. Only do not be so mean as to disbelieve in Him because He has upset your doll's house and crushed your baby toys. Naturally you can't understand all you see. Of course you don't know why there is all this suffering. I don't know—nobody knows. One has moments of feeling the reason of it all, when one puts one's hand over the edge of the boat into the river of life and feels which way the current sets, and the secret meaning of its flow. But when we have eliminated by our goodness all the suffering for which the sins of men are directly responsible, then will be the time to charge God with the rest—if there is any residuum, which I am inclined to doubt. As for shaking your fist at God and saying, "You won't arrange this world as I like—pah! I'll disbelieve in you!" how unworthy of you, Noel! Or rather, since you will tell me that I have made you out such a poor sort of individual, that nothing but the most contemptible conduct can be expected of you, how unworthy of the best in you. For that

there is good stuff in you, I am convinced. Otherwise you would not be my friend—though the Straightener could not have refused you as a patient.

It was a fine action on your part to go to the war for duty's sake alone. That was your first action as a man. Now show some manliness in your relations to God. As for your relations to Silvia, you must, I suppose, leave them for the present.

Could I fail to watch over her for you?

Good-bye. I shall pray for you every day. Write to me as often as you can.

Always affectionately,

CATHARINE SUTHERLAND.

---

11. *From Noel Ashton to Mrs. Sutherland.*

WITH THE B.E.F.,
FRANCE.
July 8, 1915.

I like your letter and the way you give a good blow between the eyes. You ought to have been a man. There is no nonsense about you.

Yes, I dare say I was a prig. What I object to, though, is your attitude that I am somehow to blame in having lost my faith. I look about me and see no evidence of God anywhere. There-

fore, I conclude that there is no God. I am not entitled either to blame or praise. What is more, I do not need pity. I am conscious of a certain feeling of freedom. Also I am very busy. I have just got my captaincy. I am keen on the Army and my job. For the moment we are in rest billets, but there is a rumour that we are to be sent to a different part of the line, possibly where we link on with the French.

I can't see why you think I am selfish in the way I have treated Silvia. I give her up for two reasons: 1. That I could not make her happy. 2. That I wish to give undivided attention to the job of cleaning up the Boche mess.

You know she would not marry an unbeliever any more than she would marry a nigger. She would probably prefer a black skin to a black soul. Please say no more about the matter. I do not wish to discuss it.

As for looking for religion in men's hearts, perhaps I had better try the Boche hearts. While our men are singing

> "There's a girl in white and pink
> Over there,
> There's a girl in white and pink,
> And I think I saw her wink,
> There's a girl in white and pink
> Over there,"

the sound of "Ein feste Burg" comes buzzing over from the Boche trenches. We all know

what a pious man the Kaiser is. No, Catharine, write and give me the news of dear old Cambridge, but tell the Straightener she must not preach to

NOEL ASHTON.

---

12. *From Silvia Barrington to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE VICARAGE,
FENBRIDGE.
July 2, 1915.

MY DARLING CATHARINE,

I was thinking that of course I should get an extra special long letter from Noel because of the birthday of our engagement, and then there came *this*. He does not need me any more. I had quite got in the way of thinking of him as my husband. Oh, Catharine! all the light has gone out of the sky.

The worst of it, I think, was telling Mother and Daddy. I specially wanted to be a help to them now, because we heard only a week ago that Uncle Jim, Mother's youngest brother, had been killed at the war, and it was *dreadful* having to make them sadder still. They are so fond of Noel and it was such a blow to them.

Do you think it is *really* true, as Noel says to me, that he does not believe in God any longer? Has he said anything about it to you? Think of his not having anyone to turn to in his sorrow.

He must be so lonely—so lonely, Catharine ; I can't bear to think of it.

I wrote to him and said of course I understood (though I don't a bit) and I would go on writing to him as a friend. I thought he would like letters.

I wonder whether I loved him too much and God was not pleased. What do you think? I know I am very foolish and ignorant, and I didn't watch over my feelings at all and just let my love stream out to him, because I seemed to myself to be already his wife.

I am so glad you told me to think about the changelessness of God. I put that in my mind in the night when I can't sleep. I am afraid I cried a lot last night. I know I ought to be resigned to the will of God, and I am really, but I couldn't help crying all the same. If I knew that Noel were happy it might be different. Suppose he *died* not believing in God.

With love,

SILVIA.

---

13. *From Silvia Barrington to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE VICARAGE,
FENBRIDGE.
July 20, 1915.

He doesn't even wish me to write. What had I better do now ?

SILVIA.

---

14. *From Silvia Barrington to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE VICARAGE,
FENBRIDGE.
July 31, 1915

DEAREST CATHARINE,

I am so glad you think I had better go away and do something. Alice has left school and she is far more practical than I am, and very clever at doing things in the house. Mother and Daddy thought your idea of taking a gardening course at the Duchess of Chesterford's Training College very good indeed. Daddy is going over himself to-morrow and he thinks it can all be arranged quite soon.

It is very comforting to hear you say that one can't love anyone too much, but only in the wrong way. Then you think I may go on loving Noel. Of course I *must* pray for him. I can't help doing that every hour of the day.

The garden is so sweet these summer days, and all the flowers and trees talk to me of him. I know it is very wrong of me to think of my own troubles when other people have so much more to bear. I try and be just the same at home. Then I heard Daddy say to Mother, "I don't think the child can have been very fond of Noel, do you? She doesn't seem to be breaking her

heart over him," and I went away and cried *dreadfully*.

I wonder how Noel is getting on without God. He must be *miserable*. Only of course God watches over him just the same, and his guardian angel stands by him night and day and whispers in his ear to come back. He can't disbelieve for *long*, do you think, Catharine?

With love and so many thanks for your dear letters.

SILVIA.

---

15. *From Silvia Barrington to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE MANOR,
WESTON ST. STEPHEN.
September 20, 1915.

DARLING CATHARINE,

I have been so busy the last ten days I positively haven't had time to write, and now I've such heaps to tell you. This is the sweetest place you can imagine, one of her own private houses that the Duchess has given up to be a training school. She is a most original person, always vague and always exquisitely dressed and always in a hurry. She floats in and purrs over us, and floats out again to some other sort of war work, leaving us (ten of us) to the care of Mrs. Etherington, the lady-housekeeper person,

and Miss Joan Burnside, the head instructor. We wear lovely green smocks, and we have Miss Burnside, who is young and tall and fair and has beautiful short golden curls and a ruddy complexion like David, and two aged gardeners, to teach us. The grounds are wonderful—all kinds of different gardens, Italian gardens and rock gardens and water gardens and pergolas and things, near the house, and then huge lawn and trees, and then wild parts all dim and mysterious in the distance, where God might walk in the cool of the day. We work in the gardens or the model farm all the morning, and after lunch we can do as we like—and I write long letters to Mother and Daddy—and after tea we have theoretical work, botany and things. The Duchess is very particular about our dressing for dinner, and of course I feel very shy at table except that Mrs. Etherington is specially kind to me. I think her husband was a curate. After dinner we talk. Seven of the girls get together round the lamp and read novels and talk about blouses and cinemas and revues and young men, and the rest of us sit out of doors and I listen while they talk. They are very clever, almost as clever as you, Catharine, and I am beginning to find out what a lot there is I don't know. Of course I always felt what a little ignoramus I was, but I didn't know it in detail at all.

I will try and tell you what they are like. There is Esther Cunningham ; she is older than the rest of us, about thirty I should think, and she is tall and dark and grave, and often she says things that Daddy would call cynical. She frightens me dreadfully, not by what she does, but just by the way she has of leaving me alone. If she smiled at me, I might love her, but she never does I am sure she is sad, so I put her in my prayers every day. Then there is Vera MacFadyen. She comes from near Glasgow, and she is small and wizened-up looking and she wears glasses. I believe she came here because she worried over philosophy and things until she had a nervous breakdown, so of course she must be wonderfully clever. Joan Burnside is the teacher, though she is only twenty-four. She is a Yorkshire farmer's daughter and so strong and sunny and joyous that it is a delight to look at her. She is engaged to a farmer's son who is out in France. They want to go out to Canada together when the war is over.

I can't help wondering what religion they all have. There was no Early Celebration on Sunday —isn't it *dreadful ?* but they none of them went to Matins. Of course they must have felt like Sunday in their hearts, because in the evening they started talking about what they believed, or rather what they didn't believe. Vera MacFadyen

said she was a disciple of Bertrand Russell (have you ever heard of him, darling? Vera knew him at Cambridge), and that no philosophy could be tenable which did not begin with the assumption (those were *her* words) that everything is all going to be blotted out and end in nothing at all. Just more civilizations succeeding each other, and more wars, and more history and then—*night!* And then she said she didn't know, she thought perhaps there might be some kind of an Impersonal Absolute behind it, that went on existing in the night, but of course nobody could believe in a personal God nowadays. Esther Cunningham said she was quite sure that if there was a God, He just played with us, and loved making experiments and seeing us writhe, like scientists who did vivisection or stuck pins through beetles that squirmed, and that sometimes she felt Him doing it. Oh, Catharine, isn't it *awful* to think that anyone could talk like that! They asked Joan what her opinion was. She laughed and answered that for her part she found this world so interesting and so jolly that she never bothered her head about religion and she couldn't see why people ever shut themselves up in stuffy churches and listened to dull sermons; and they said, "Good for you, Joan!" and laughed too. I am afraid that what I did then was dreadfully rude, but I couldn't help it, so I said, "Don't you know

it is very *wicked* not to believe in God?" Miss Cunningham turned her head slowly and stared at me and said, "That kind of remark may do in the village Sunday School, but it won't do here;" and I got up and rushed up to my room, so that they shouldn't see me cry. Only as they were sitting just on the terrace underneath, I heard Vera say, "You hurt the poor child's feelings, Esther. Don't you know she is a country parson's daughter?" And Miss Cunningham answered, "Oh, it will do her good." And then I *did* cry, and stuffed my fingers in my ears not to hear any more.

I don't wonder the world changed Noel, do you, darling? I think it is dreadful. I wish I were back at home, with the dear church and the garden and everything I know and love. Here even the sky seems strange.

I am afraid I have not nearly as much courage as I ought to have. I know I ought to be much more resigned to the will of God. Will you give me something else to think about? I try the Practice of the Presence of God all the time, only I don't find I can feel Him near to me as easily as I did at home. I pray a great deal—I mean, of course, all I can—but sometimes it makes me quite tired. I wonder what sin I have been guilty of. Do you think I don't love Noel in the right way? or even that I ought to leave off

loving him altogether? Of course I never could forget him, but I might be much more the child of God. I *do* try.

With love, darling,
SILVIA.

---

16. *From Mrs. Sutherland to Silvia Barrington.*

THE GRANGE,
SOUTH ROAD,
CAMBRIDGE.
September 25, 1915.

DEAR LITTLE SILVIA,

I agree with Miss Esther Cunningham in thinking that your remark about its being wicked to disbelieve in God "won't do" among intelligent people, but I go so far as to consider that it would be out of place in a village Sunday School. Come, my dear child, "wicked not to believe in God"—you know better than that. It may be unfortunate, regrettable, pitiable even, but not wicked. A sin is "the infringement of a moral law which the agent knows to be binding on himself," or, in other words, doing what you know to be wrong. How could anyone be an unbeliever out of malice? Most unbelievers would like to believe and can't—even the comparatively indifferent, who would not be prepared to recognize the existence of God by altering their own lives in any way, wish

vaguely to feel, if possible, that the affairs of the universe are being looked after by some supernatural power. It may be wrong to neglect to seek God; it is almost certainly wrong to refuse to worship Him if you have found Him; it is obviously wrong to disobey His acknowledged will; but to be unable to convince oneself of His existence cannot, as far as I can see, be a sin. What most emphatically *is* wrong—and that is why I am lecturing you, my pet, instead of thanking you for your delightful letter—is a censorious attitude on the part of one who does believe. I remember once asking an undergraduate why he never went to church. "Because the people who go, think themselves better than the people who stay away," he answered. (I think I retorted that a great many of those who stay away look down on the churchgoers, and so he had an equally valid reason for attending; but that is not the point of the story.) Anyhow, for your meditation will you take the discovery of that particular aspect of the Divine Nature which it is the business of each of these three unbelievers to reflect? What I mean is this—in each one of us there is a spark of the divine fire. Mingled with our own personality it produces a kind of radiance and loveliness peculiar to each individual soul. However veiled by sin and degradation, by worldliness and indifference, that divine radiance

is still there for him who can behold it. When we see it, we shall be less inclined to judge than to adore. And when we see it in ourselves we shall not again persistently prefer—as John Bunyan put it—the muckrake to the crown of stars. You know it in yourself. Now find it in others.

Yes, dear child, Noel writes to me. He is well, and keen on his work. We will both keep on praying for him. Who knows in what hour of danger our prayers may not stand him in good stead? I do not think, however, that he will begin to remake his religion yet awhile. He is still more conscious of relief at having got rid of what was bad, than he is appalled at the loss of something essential. You ask, "What if he died not believing in God?" Surely in life or death he cannot escape from the Almighty and His love —"underneath are the everlasting arms." Does not God love him infinitely more than you or I can?

Good-bye, dear. Write and tell me more about your work. Don't trouble about not being "resigned." Surely it is natural that you should be a little sad sometimes. As long as you are not cross to other people, I do not think you should reproach yourself.

CATHARINE.

P.S.—I could not help laughing at your asking me whether I had ever heard of Mr. Russell.

Why, at Cambridge even the cats and dogs know his name. If Miss MacFadyen is a disciple of his, she will be more than your match in logic, I warn you.

---

17. *From Silvia Barrington to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE MANOR,
WESTON ST. STEPHEN.
October 1, 1915.

MY DARLING CATHARINE,

Of course—I saw it in a moment! How dreadfully wicked and inconsiderate I have been! Of course I *knew* I ought not to have judged. Indeed, I will meditate on what you tell me to, though I am not quite sure if I understand what you mean. I dare say it will get clear as I go on.

I have found out that poor Esther has *every reason* for not being religious. Her father seemed quite a good man, a churchwarden and all that, a doctor with a big West End practice. And hen he ran away with one of his patients and Esther's mother died of a broken heart. I hardly like to tell you about such dreadful things, which I thought never happened, except in books, of course. Esther *hates* her father. She says she wishes he would die of cancer or some awful disease, and that would be a judgment on him. As for Vera, her father is a minister of the Wee Frees—she told me all about it. He used to be

very bitter against Episcopalians (which is what they call the Church people in Scotland) and Papists, and even against the Established Kirk, and then when the Free Churches joined up he *hated* the United Free worse than anything, and he stayed Wee Free. She was brought up in what seems a dreadfully gloomy Puritanical way. They kept all the blinds down on Sunday, and would not let the children have their toys or run about, and made them listen to long, long sermons. Vera said she liked to hear her father and the "meenister" from the next village argue about Election and Hell, and things like that, but, of course, she didn't enjoy Sunday. Well, if ever I have children, I shall make Sunday the loveliest day in the week for them, and they shall grow up to God as flowers stretch out towards the sun. Don't you think that religion ought to be the most natural thing in the world?

I wonder why there are different churches? Do you think there ought to be? Daddy says there are three branches of the one True Church—the Eastern, the Roman, and the Anglican. I am not clever, so of course I don't understand these things.

Oh! there is just one thing I must tell you. Esther and Vera and Joan were arguing last night about what was the best way to meet the sorrows of life. Esther said not caring—just making

yourself hard. Vera said having a "perfectly consistent philosophical system" and "living in the rarefied atmosphere of thought"—which sounded dreadfully chilly to me. It wouldn't do for little simpletons like me! Joan said having plenty of work to do, and a good digestion, and not letting yourself get mopy. So I waited a minute and added, "A belief in Our Lord." Esther turned to me with "Yes, but *you've* never suffered." I couldn't help telling them about Noel, and they were *so* darling and sympathetic, and Esther said, "Fancy your being so sweet-tempered and sunny all the time! The man *was* a fool not to know when he was well off."

Well, there goes the gong for tea.

With lots of love, dearest,

SILVIA.

P.S.—Scold me some more! I always feel better afterwards. I wish you would set me penances.

---

18. *From Noel Ashton to Mrs. Sutherland.*

IN HOSPITAL,
SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.
October 20, 1915.

DEAR CATHARINE,

I am in hospital with an attack of flu, and so find time to write to you again. I have been

acting-adjutant for the past two months and had no time for anything but work. We were down next door to the French, and I managed to see something of them, owing to my knowledge of the language.

You will be pleased and flattered to hear (I like appealing to the Straightener's little weaknesses, and one of them is her fondness for giving good advice) that I obeyed you, and looked for edifying piety among my men. There was awfully little! The British Tommy is an amiable grouser, speaking generally, who grumbles at the weather and the plum jam and the mud, takes no interest in international politics, reads Nat Gould and *John Bull*, and never troubles about his soul. He looks on the Boche as a kind of big game who must be destroyed if possible, and fed when captured. I have got two pi. men among my lot. At sing-songs they strike up a Moody and Sankey instead of the latest thing from the music halls, and the other men join in the chorus without comment. Otherwise they don't seem awfully different from the others. The men are on the whole decent to each other. The most useful is not the pi. man, but the one who can raise a laugh.

The Frenchies are quite different. They are as bitter as you please against the Boche and only want an opportunity to fly at his throat. I have heard a lot of profanity (at which I should have

been awfully shocked in the old days) in our trenches, but for venomous anti-clericalism and anti-ecclesiasticism and anti-theism, give me a *poilu* of the educated artisan class. One wonders whether the Church of Rome is very great or very corrupt to arouse so much bitterness.

There is one *poilu* I see sometimes who would interest you. He is a sergeant, but they call him Père Hubert. I was told he was a parish priest at some little mountain village in the Savoie when conscription hauled him into the ranks. He has an absolutely quiet face, and a disregard of danger which is remarkable even where all are brave. They give him outpost duty for his capacity for sitting still and watching, and for his nerve, which can stand anything. He told me, with a smile, that he had succeeded in keeping all the canonical hours. I had had the curiosity to question him when I had caught him muttering away to himself. The *poilus* are a bit superstitious about him, for though he is constantly lending a hand with bringing in the wounded and has been through a lot of fighting, he has never had a scratch yet. I fancy he is just your kind. You will be all over it, psychologizing about the poor beggar.

I hope you at home are not imagining the war will be over by Christmas *this* year. *I* put it at seven years. The Boches are beastly strong.

Letters are very welcome, especially in hospital. I wish I had "got a blighty one" (*i.e.*, a wound that would get me leave), but no such luck.

Yours ever,

NOEL ASHTON.

---

19. *From Noel Ashton to Mrs. Sutherland.*

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

November 15, 1915.

DEAR CATHARINE,

Here I am back in the trenches. I was bored stiff in hospital, but it was better there than here. However, I have a chance of leave at Christmas, which will be jolly. I must say, though, that I dread seeing the places where I was so happy. I shall be like a ghost. The dear old Mater will expect me to be just the same (the same prig that you enjoy getting your knife into).

Your last letter reached me the day I got back to work, when I was feeling awfully blue, partly from not being quite fit yet, and partly to be back again in the dreary routine of trench life. At the present rate it will take a good thousand years to get to Berlin, that is, if we win at all.

You say you did not mean I was to look out for pi. men in the army when you said I was to look for God in other people's hearts; what *did* you mean? If it was something about "the

divine in each one of us" let me tell you that you are awfully unorthodox and that your suggestion is quite inconsistent with the doctrine of Total Depravity.

How idiotic all doctrines seem to me now! I can't understand how I used to be so keen on them. I remember sitting up till two in the morning to have it out with a Trinity ordinand about Apostolic Succession. Now I would rather turn in at nine than bother my head about it at all. What fools men are! Why did no one tell us when we were up, that we were damned idiots to rot about with theology while the Boche was building strategic railways to the Belgian frontier and piling up stores of ammunition?

I got a warm welcome when I came out of hospital, from Père Hubert of all people. He is the ex-priest, you remember. I told him I had been bored to tears in hospital and he answered with his grave smile, "Sans doute, puisque vous ne croyez plus en Dieu." And I gathered that he pitied me for missing a good opportunity for thinking about holy things. To me he is a complete puzzle, but I like the man. I have got him to tell me about himself. His father is a préfet somewhere near Lyons. As a boy, Hubert always, he tells me, disliked "the world," and when he was nine he ran away to the hills and tried to be a hermit. At twelve he had a vision

of Christ who appeared to him robed as a Carthusian offering him with both hands the white habit of a monk. Later on his father so bitterly opposed his entering a monastery that he studied for the ordinary priesthood. His heart is with the Carthusians, however, and he still cherishes a hope that one day he may go and bury himself alive in a monastery. He told me something of the life they lead; the solitary cells and tiny walled-in gardens; the silence; the scourgings; the procession by light of their lanterns to the chapel for the midnight Mass; the walk once a week which is the only glimpse they get of the outside world. It seems to me a terrible and a selfish life, and I told him my opinion. He only smiled and shrugged his shoulders. I must say he spoke of it as though he loved it, and as though it would bring him perfect happiness. Yet he is an awfully good soldier, and has a great deal of influence with his men. Living in such a remote part of the world as his St. Marie-aux-Monts up in Savoie seems to have destroyed his sense of proportion. For instance, he refuses to express any indignation at any of the Boche crimes, merely saying, "Nous avons tous besoin de la miséricorde de Dieu." Evidently too much living in a hole has given him wrong values.

I talked to him about Silvia and he agreed with you that I was mistaken to break off the

engagement. If she were more adaptable and less rigid in her ideas, perhaps it might not have been necessary. But she has the narrowness of outlook which comes from such a churchy upbringing, and it would be hopeless to expect her ever to see beyond the confines of her father's parish.

If I get leave, already long overdue, at Christmas, I shall come and look you up.

Yours ever,
NOEL ASHTON.

---

20. *From Silvia Barrington to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE VICARAGE,
FENBRIDGE.
December 15, 1915.

DARLING CATHARINE,

It is quite wonderful to be home again, and everything looks so sweet and dear. I find I have turned into quite a chatterbox, for I have so much to tell. *Of course* I got the most loving welcome from everyone at home, and all the village folk were so pleased to see me, it seemed they couldn't say kind things enough.

I don't believe any of the other girls from the training schools have half such sweet homes to go to. What a lucky girl I am, aren't I?

Do you know, both Esther and Vera want something to meditate about in the Christmas holidays! Aren't you surprised? And they want *you* to set them the lesson. Of course I shouldn't dare, I'm not nearly clever enough. Besides, you have become quite celebrated there, because I was always quoting you, until at last they used to laugh and instead of asking me what *I* thought, would say, "What does the Straightener think?" Well! I must tell you, though, just how it came about that they want to consult you. One evening there was a perfectly *adorable* sunset, more like a spring one than an autumn one, all rose colour and pale gold and with marvellous green light springing up underneath. I said to Esther, "Oh, look, isn't it wonderful," and she looked and said, "Something like lobster salad, isn't it?" I was so dreadfully hurt at that, and thinking over the habit she has of never seeing any good in anything, I thought it was my duty to speak to her about it. You can't imagine, Catharine darling, what she is like! She thinks everyone has mean motives, that all nations are grasping and all politicians dishonest, and all religious people are hypocrites, and everyone is as selfish as selfish can be. So I went up to her room after dinner. She was sitting by a dear little wood fire—we are allowed to burn all the wood we like, because it comes from the estate—

and everything so cosy and sweet, and there she was mending stockings and looking as glum as Haman when he saw Mordecai at the king's gate. I told her, right out, that it was very wicked never to see good in anything, and that *that* was the way the Devil tempted her, and that everything seemed wrong to her because she hadn't light in her heart, and that Catharine Sutherland said that people sometimes went mad that way. And then I got frightened and wanted to run away, but she took hold of me and made me sit down in an armchair by the fire, and said, "No, Silvia, you shall not go until you have told me everything that is in your heart." So I had to go on. I told her she had no business to make us all sad by brooding about her own troubles, and the world only looked like that because she stared at it through black glasses, and that if she would look up to God she would see light, and that if she would be humble and let Him use her and if she would adore His power even if she could not understand, she would soon feel better. Esther answered that the power behind things was wicked and malevolent and loved to see us suffer. And then she asked whether you, Catharine, had *really* said that about going mad by egoism. I told her, yes, really, by brooding on one's own troubles and not looking round all the time for people to love and help. I said a lot, too, about

meditation and things. Then she talked to me about the black thoughts she has about her father —isn't it *dreadful*, her own father !—and how she knows she would murder him if she got a chance.

I think afterwards she and Vera must have discussed what I said, because they said they were "impressed by the psychological value of your methods," and would like "as a purely scientific experiment" to try some meditations. Will you help them ? Of course I know you will, you always love helping other people.

With lots and lots of love,

SILVIA.

P.S.—Daddy said that yesterday when he went into Cambridge to take some books back to the University Library he saw Noel on the other side of K.P. and that he looked so old and tired. Mother thought Daddy ought not to have mentioned it before me, and winked and nodded at him to leave off, but of course I would rather know. Have you seen him yet ? I pray for him every day a good many times, and of course the prayers will be answered, only you see it may be that he is good enough for God to fashion his soul with much suffering. The reason why everything is made so easy for me is that I am not worthy to be given anything very difficult to

do, isn't it? Only I do hope Noel won't have *too much* to bear.

---

21. *From Silvia Barrington to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE MANOR,
WESTON ST. STEPHEN.
January 10, 1916.

MY DARLING CATHARINE,

Work has begun again, you see—and oh! I got *such* a loving welcome from the other girls. I didn't know we were such friends. The Duchess was there to greet us, and made a vague little speech, forgetting half what she had meant to say, I am sure, but making us feel that she *meant* to put it all very beautifully. I told Esther and Vera what you had said about the things they were to meditate on. Esther didn't much like the idea of spending ten minutes a day thinking loving thoughts towards her father—she said she *knew* it would be all humbug, but she would try, just for the scientific interest of the experiment. Vera said that she didn't believe that meditating on "the need of a philosophy which would satisfy her affections and will, as well as her intellect," would help her at all, and she wondered at your suggesting it, but she is going to try too. They both thought you were quite right in saying that we ought to have an object in

life, and to try and find one connected with our gardening work. We are going to have lovely talks about it in the evening. I am *sure* you have got something in your head that you won't tell us about, haven't you?

Well! I suppose Noel has gone back to the front again. You do keep on praying for him, don't you? I did want to go into Cambridge and perhaps by chance see him in the distance somewhere, but Mother thought I had better not, and of course she knows best.

Good-bye, darling.
With lots of love,
SILVIA.

---

22. *From Silvia Barrington to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE MANOR,
WESTON ST. STEPHEN.
February 15, 1916.

MY DARLING CATHARINE,

I *must* tell you—something so thrilling happened! Well! we have all been so happy together this term, and things going beautifully. Esther has been getting much less fond of fault-finding. I am sure the meditation-lesson you set her on thinking good thoughts, first of all to her father and then towards other people she knew and then towards everyone in the world, helped her a lot

(though *I* should have liked something more Christian to think about, like the perpetual presence of Our Lord in His church, but of course you know best). And Esther and Vera and I did what you said about treating our work as *consecrated*. They consecrated it to Humanity and I to Our Lord. Joan wouldn't have anything to do with it, she said it wasn't *natural*, and she didn't believe in spiritual gymnastics.

Well! one day at tea-time, Esther, who had been to Weston Market for some shopping, didn't come back. We didn't worry about it, but by dinner-time she still hadn't come, and Joan and I said after dinner that we would go and see what could have happened. After we had gone about a mile, we met the old postmistress who was coming up to tell us that Miss Cunningham had bought some stamps at the Post Office, and just after she had walked out of the shop, she was called back for a telegram, and when she read it she just *ran* to the station as hard as she could go, and stepped on board the Cambridge train without taking a ticket. We went back and told Mrs. Etherington (the Duchess's lady housekeeper), and she was dreadfully upset because she thought Esther had gone out of her mind. Two days after, Esther came back. The telegram had been from the superintendent of of a nursing home in Hampstead, to say that

Esther's father was dying and wanted to see her. She didn't hesitate a minute, but just *dashed* for the train. She said all the good thoughts she had been trying all these weeks to think about her father, gathered themselves up into one impulse of love for him and made her act in that swift instinctive way. He was quite conscious when she got there, and oh! *so* thankful she came. And at four o'clock the next morning he died, while she was holding his hand. If she had hesitated and not decided at once, she would have been too late. She says she is more grateful to you than she can tell, and she quite understands the use of training one's mind in the right way, so that when the need arises it makes quick, splendid decisions like that.

Isn't it wonderful? Don't you think God is leading her to Him? Of course she is sad about her father being dead, but I think in a way less sad than before she was reconciled to him, or sad in a gentler, better way. Don't you think the Holy Spirit has breathed on her in love and peace? I always think God's work is uniting and the Devil's is thrusting apart, don't you? I wish I were clever and could properly explain what I mean.

With love, darling,

SILVIA.

23. *From Noel Ashton to Mrs. Sutherland.*

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.
February 20, 1916.

DEAR CATHARINE,

I don't wonder you think I have forgotten you. I have had a bad fit of the blues ever since I went on leave, and had not had the heart to write letters to anyone. *Leave!* One thinks about it all the time when one is out here, and wonders and calculates about the chances of getting back, and then when it came I, at any rate, almost wished I had not had it. Cambridge was so appallingly out of touch with reality. There was the dear old Mater fussing gently about the Mothers' Union and the decline of religiou teaching in the home. If she did think about the war at all, it was to moan over the naughty ways of soldiers' children while their fathers were at the front, and the still naughtier ways of some soldiers' wives. As for Father, he had two chief topics of conversation: one was the depleted condition of the college and lack of candidates for Orders; and the other was the incredible damnability of some Canon or other who had set all the diocese by the ears by presuming to question the Virgin Birth. *Who cares?* good Lord! *WHO CARES?* What in heaven and earth do these things matter? And

here we sit in the trenches week after week, with the Boche still in Belgium, and England just beginning to stir in her sleep. Father read war-prayers morning and evening. I wanted to shout at him, "There *is* no God! Why don't you *do* something?"

The long and short of it is, I had grown away from everything at home. The Mater seemed vaguely anxious about me, suggested belly-bands and malted milk and asked the Bishop's daughter to meet me. She might as well have applied a poultice to Nero as a remedy for hardness of heart. Being at home, too, made me realize what a big hole was left when belief dropped out of my life. I am glad it has gone, but it took a good deal of me with it.

You might write and cheer me up a bit if you can. I am rather lonely out here. Père Hubert, when I can see him, will listen to my grousings, but one has no business to grouse except to you comfortable people at home. He is an amazing study, that fellow. Every Sunday he has Mass in the trench next to ours, makes an altar on a box turned upside down, or anything he can find. There is a legend going about that the first time he celebrated Mass one of the officers came and swore at him and said he would allow no services in *his* trench. Whereupon Père Hubert got up on top of the parapet and finished

the Mass there, while the miserable lieutenant swore at him and ordered him and prayed him to come down. I won't vouch for the truth of it, but it is a good tale.

Do write soon.

Yours ever,
NOEL ASHTON.

---

24. *From Mrs. Sutherland to Noel Ashton.*

THE GRANGE,
SOUTH ROAD,
CAMBRIDGE.
March 10, 1916.

DEAR NOEL,

Oh, *please!* don't do anything so dreadful as to shout out atheistic remarks at family prayers. It would be like a Kensit brawl, only worse. And, my dear Noel, if you come to consider how you lost your faith, you may have a little more patience with those who have kept theirs. You see, you had been very correctly brought up, and never allowed to stray outside a neat little enclosure consisting of the Church of England, the Christian home, and the edifying society of "really nice people." Suppose one day you had meditated on all the ugly things in the world—suppose that somehow or other there had passed before your eyes a pageant of human sin and suffering, of brutal men and women ill-treating

little children, of drunken louts kicking their wives, of lustful men doing incredible deeds to satisfy their desires. If you had seen the mean strategy of business firms ; the physical suffering of the sick in hospitals ; the loneliness and disappointment of thousands of men and women to whom life had meant nothing but baffled hopes and stunted affections ; the fear of death which pursues the civilized man as it pursues the savage, and which we all conspire to say so little about. If, then, I say, you could have had some inkling of these dark realities, your faith would have been obscured then, as it is obscured now. There was evil enough in the world before the war, God knows ! Only somehow you never noticed it, and you were born with an instinctive belief that the world is a splendid place where all the sad things were but the shade needed to make the bright picture possible.

Of course I cannot offer a solution of the problem of evil as a whole. I know that in my own life I am as thankful for the sorrow as for the joy, and that I have learned equally from both, and I believe that this is true for nations and for the race as it is for individuals ; but why it must be so, I cannot pretend to say. I never could see that pain was in itself evil. It seems to me like love or joy or any other sensation, good or bad according to the use you make of it.

But what, you say, of the people who do *not* make good use of their sufferings, whom pain merely coarsens and in whom sin is a cause not of repentance but of further depravity? I don't know, Noel. I suppose the end is not yet—that there is all eternity in which they can learn. It is sound psychology, even if it be poor logic, that some men must go down to the depths before they can arise again.

What I want to make clear to you, however, is that your loss of faith is the result of no process of reasoning nor of the thoughtful consideration of any new facts. You had a shock, and that is how you reacted from it. The war was a shock to all of us—some of us reacted differently, that is all. But you are at this moment as much governed by prejudice and by emotion as you were before. Your opinions, consequently, are worth very little. Can't you have something *better* than an opinion? I can give you many reasons, satisfactory and unsatisfactory, for my belief in God, but I should probably be unconvinced by any of them unless they were in harmony with the most real and fundamental experiences of my life.

As for your parents, don't you think you are a little hard on them? Your mother is interested in the *Goodness*-aspect of the Divine; religion has meaning to her chiefly as it is related to con-

duct. That is all right, isn't it? Why should she not believe in a God who likes people to be good, and do her best to see that those with whom she comes in contact *want* to be good? Doesn't the progress of the world lie along that road—wanting to be good, and being sure that the aspiration in men's hearts corresponds with some external and infallible law to which we are, somewhat blindly if you like, trying to approximate? The particular form which "wanting to be good" takes in some people may strike you and me as ridiculous, but the intention is surely the important thing, isn't it—or at least the only possible basis for the discovery of what *is* right conduct.

Your father is keenest on the *Truth*-aspect of the Divine. He wants to represent the dimly-felt logic of the heart in some clearly defined manner to his head. Why not? Somebody has got to be busy over philosophy and theology, or religion might degenerate into vague humanitarian sentimentality. You must have the intellect trying to tabulate and understand the results of experience. The doctrine of the Virgin Birth is the form under which many generations of Christians have treasured for themselves the impression of overwhelming purity and beauty made on them by Christ. Some of us like to treat the doctrine as a symbol. Others are concerned with the physical fact of Mary's virginity. Both sets of men keep

alive for humanity the reverence for the divine parentage of Our Lord. (By the way, if your father wanted to *persecute* the heterodox Canon, I *should* object—but he won't !)

Good-bye, Noel. What a dreadful sermon the Straightener has given you. I think you will have to drop me, you know—or else not write such provocative letters. Tell me more about Père Hubert. Are you sure you aren't making him up? He sounds like a character out of a book !

With best wishes,
CATHARINE SUTHERLAND.

---

25. *From Noel Ashton to Mrs. Sutherland.*

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.
March 20, 1916.

DEAR CATHARINE,

I was vaguely touched by your letter because you are so much in earnest, but not at all convinced. All that you seem to me to have proved is that religion is purely subjective, and that I had good reason for disbelieving in it long before the war began. Like most women, your logic is as poor as your intentions are excellent. Meanwhile, why don't you do some war work ? Nothing else really matters.

You ask about Père Hubert. He likes me, and

always comes for a chat when he can manage it. He was curé, as I think I told you, at a remote little village in Savoie called St. Marie-aux-Monts, where there can't have been a dog fit to speak to, and half the inhabitants verging on cretinism. He seems to have lavished a great deal of unnecessary affection on them and it. The tone in which he says "mon village" is only surpassed by the tone in which he says "mes pauvres." If he wasn't a soldier I should call it sloppy. I will say, though, that he had ideas. He has a kind of grudge against towns, because of their demoralizing effect on the character, and believes that France ought to go in for a back-to-the-village campaign. He naturally wants to see the Church foremost in it, but anti-clericalism is mercifully strong and he will probably be disappointed. The other day he talked quite a lot of sense about making village life more interesting. Some of that sort of thing would do good in England after the war—when short supplies from abroad have taught us the value of producing more food at home and sent men back to the land. Père Hubert started some classes in weaving and basket-making (one night for the women and another for the men, the fool!) at "mon village," while he told legends of the saints or some such rot.

I asked him whether he did not find soldiering come pretty hard at first, and he smiled and said,

"No," it was only another kind of "rule." I found out that when he could not go into the Grande Chartreuse, he fixed up a rule for himself to follow as an ordinary priest. He had every moment of the day filled with something, and rose at midnight to pray by the light of a lantern, or some such stagey proceeding as that.

By the way, I have met the lieutenant who was reputed to have forbidden Mass in his trench. His name is de Beauvilliers, and he is one of your cynical aristocrats who are always making *mots*. He says Père Hubert is an *acteur manqué*, not from hypocrisy but because he can't help doing the dramatic thing. "The chier element in religion," de Beauvilliers remarked, "is the dramatic. How some souls revel in dressing themselves up in the garments of penitence, of humility, of exultation, of saintliness! The Mass is a mixture of a drama and of a dance——" How you would dislike the man! There is something in what he says, though. What if the origin of religion were the need for make-believe, the instinct for escape by the way of the imagination from the loathsome realities of this world?

Yours ever,

NOEL ASHTON.

26. *From Mrs. Sutherland to Noel Ashton.*

THE GRANGE,
SOUTH ROAD,
CAMBRIDGE.
April 15, 1916.

DEAR NOEL,

Do you seriously want me to believe that all the religions of mankind are nothing but a gigantic *Poisson d'avril*—an April Fool's business, in which the human race spends its best energies in pursuing the non-existent? History will tell you (the right kind of history, that is), and your own observation will confirm it, that the only happy and *satisfied* people are the religious people, and that in proportion as a man has hold on God, in just such a degree does sorrow fail to injure him personally. If this bare imagination of a feast can be found to be so satisfying, then you must put millions of the most useful, and apparently most rational, men and women down as lunatics. And why should the *unsatisfied* people be searching about, consciously or unconsciously, after just this *Something*, if this *Something* when found should turn out to be just *Nothing at All?* I mayn't be logical, but this hopeless irrationality on the part of the human race beats me. We know that riches do not satisfy, nor power, nor fame; we know that human affections even, only content a

man up to a certain point; we also know that anyone who has "got religion," if he has got enough of it, can be satisfied without riches or power or fame or love. Can a mere abstraction, a make-believe, a dressing-up, produce this startling effect? Incredible, my dear Noel, incredible! There *must* be something in it.

I am much interested in what you say about Père Hubert and the revivifying of French village life. That is my own pet theory just now for England. I want Silvia and her friends at the training school to take up the idea, only I haven't said anything to them because I want it to occur to them spontaneously. So I pray about it. Towns *are* soul-destroying—but then the country is very dull. And one has no business to ask people to be dull. You need to be a poet or a saint to live in the country in the winter. And the average village clodhopper, who doesn't notice sunsets and has never heard of meditation, has a very poor time in the country. Nothing makes me sadder than to think of the "decaying countryside" in England. I wish you would be inspired to do something for it after the war.

Always affectionately,

CATHARINE SUTHERLAND.

P.S.—I am sorry I mentioned Silvia. I forgot!

27. *From Noel Ashton to Mrs. Sutherland.*

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.
May 16, 1916.

DEAR CATHARINE,

I recognize your good intentions; and the mere sight of a letter from Cambridge does one good, but your eloquence is wasted on me. I do not imagine, if you will excuse my saying so, that the convictions and feelings of a woman are of much use to a man. I know this sounds awfully prejudiced, but you always said you liked the undraped truth. At least I pay you the compliment of being sincere with you. Life lets women off much easier than it does men. They are also naturally religious. For these two reasons a shallower creed, if you will pardon me, Catharine, can do for them. A man needs something more.

This part of the line is not at all the haven of rest it used to be when I came here. The Boche used to send over a shell early in the morning as a kind of bonjour and spent the rest of the day, one imagines, in eating and sleeping (except for the snipers, who were always active). Now we get whizz-bangs and the rest of the beastly tribe over at all hours of the day. Yesterday the Boche attacked in some force. We kept the brute out, but he left a lot of specimens of himself lying about, which we had to dispose of. You would

have enjoyed seeing Père Hubert fortifying a dying Boche with the last rites of Holy Church. The man was a Bavarian and therefore a Catholic, I suppose, and kept looking round wildly for something. Anyhow Père Hubert seemed to understand, for he took a bit of ribbon out of one pocket and a small cross out of another, put the ribbon round his neck, held the cross up before the Boche, and began administering consolation in Latin. The magic seemed to work, and the Boche died happy. I was standing by, staring like a fool, when Père Hubert turned, and, lifting his hand, blessed me. At that moment de Beauvilliers hurried by, and evidently annoyed at finding the trench blocked by dying Boches and kneeling priests, muttered something rude. Père Hubert looked up at him, and with a quiet cynical smile blessed de Beauvilliers too. The man's expression was so comical that I burst out laughing. And then, remembering that I had no business to stand there wasting my time, I hurried off in the other direction towards our own trenches. What pleases me about Père Hubert is the suave, ceremonious, punctilious way in which he does these things. His manner is as cool and gentlemanly as that of a Louis Quinze aristocrat dancing a minuet or picking up a lady's fan. It is amazing. He is so at home with religion that he does not need to strain or grimace to feel pious.

After a talk with him I had some time ago, I came to the conclusion that he was a Papist by accident. Popery happened to be the form of religion nearest at hand, and he took that. He has probably never bothered his head to question the Immaculate Conception or Papal Infallibility. I suppose it is a good thing for most people that when they want to get to God they take the first turn to the right and keep straight on, and you have to have a tormented nature like Hugh Benson or Newman to trouble to find another way. If I ever turn pi., ten to one I shall be a sound Churchman.

Yours ever,
NOEL ASHTON.

---

28. *From Mrs. Sutherland to Noel Ashton.*

THE GRANGE,
SOUTH ROAD,
CAMBRIDGE.
June 1, 1916.

DEAR NOEL,

Remember, please, that I am a married woman and have consequently lost all my vanity along with my other illusions, and so you cannot ruffle my composure. Your remarks about women and religion are, however, preposterous. You are still the same Dear Old Prig, though with a slightly different outlook on life. Explain to me,

if you will be so kind, exactly how the creed of Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale and Catherine of Siena and Joan of Arc (to mention such heroines as you are likely to have heard of) was shallower than that of an equal number of men-heroes, and less suited to give them driving power in their work? And why would not such a religion be good enough for Noel Ashton, if he happened to be fortunate enough to believe in it? You did not tell me in so many words that belief is only fit for womankind, but you were drifting perilously near it. I should then have to ask you why Gotama and Moses and Plato and St. Francis and Martin Luther were men—to say nothing of Jesus of Nazareth Himself. No, my dear Noel, what you need is a little of the scientific spirit of enquiry (defined thus by *me:* "the humble and reverent desire to learn of truth"). Your prejudiced and peevish frame of mind would prevent your learning anything, from the first four rules to metaphysics. When a scientist wants, for instance, to know whether a slug has a gizzard, he doesn't begin with diatribes against women who believe that slugs have, or theories about why slugs should be gizzardless; calmly and reverently he approaches the slug and allows it to teach him the truth about itself. (Don't you tell me scientists do no such thing! My big brother Wilfrid has devoted the whole of his life to slugs and *I've seen him!*)

You must be teachable, you know, Noel, you really must.

There is the difficulty that different systems want to teach you different things. Since, however, you probably will never feel tempted to be a Buddhist or a Jew, I needn't, need I, try and demonstrate to you why it is better to be a Christian.

As for the various Christian denominations, aren't they just different kinds of soil in which the saints, God's flowers, can grow? Some men need Authority, rigid discipline for intellect and action—the Catholic garden is for them. Others here in England crave a warm homey church of their own land, stately and yet lovable, like one of their cathedrals—theirs is the Anglican flower-bed. While the sturdy, practical, independent nature grows best in Free Church soil. And so forth, and so forth, my dear Noel. I could deliver an excellent course of lectures on the subject—but I spare you. I need hardly remind you, by the way, that more than one kind of flower blooms freely in each garden, so that you will find mystics and modernists, ritualists and reformers, poets and philosophers, in every church. There is room for all—even for Prigs!

I am sorry your part of the line is "lively." I pray every day for your safety.

Always affectionately,

CATHARINE SUTHERLAND.

P.S.—I laughed on reading this letter over. It does sound as though the Straightener were quite cross. By the way, do you know this poem of Wingfield-Stratford's: *Cambridge up to Date.* I generally detest satire, but this pleased me somehow.

CAMBRIDGE UP TO DATE.

Little Don Perkins,
Social psychologist,
Proved after hall
To old Dowbiggin
(Master of Arts and Doctor of Science)
That time and space and matter and motion
(In short, God's universe)
Were just a machine of one, two, three,
Known unto Perkins,
Revealed to Dowbiggin.

While over the court, the naked universe,
Arched with its laughter of a million suns,
And every orb out of the sea
Of that unfathomable night blue,
Sang—"Gloria in excelsis deo!"

While little Don Perkins
Played double dummy,
And old Dowbiggin
Slumbered sonorous.

P.P.S.—Not "undraped" truth, Noel—*naked.*

---

29. *From Noel Ashton to Mrs. Sutherland.*

BASE HOSPITAL.

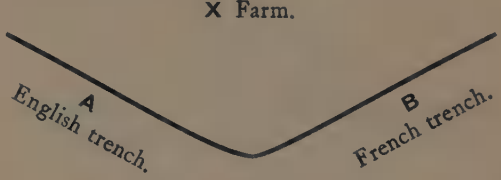
June 23, 1916.

DEAR CATHARINE,

I have been through a bit of a scrap, and as I can't get the pictures of it out of my head, it will

be a relief to tell you all about it. A little *naked* truth for you! I wrote to the Mater yesterday and said I had trench fever (which is quite correct) but was going on all right. You can pass on to her as much, or as little, of this letter as you think fit.

On the evening of the 16th we were told to be ready at ten o'clock to take a ruined farm and a set of outbuildings and trees where the Boche had got a particularly beastly nest of machine guns. It stands to our line like this. We were to start



from A and the French from B and converge, kick out the Boche, and hold on till supports came. At ten o'clock we got ready, had some hot soup, and shivered with expectation (at least I did) until midnight, when we went over the parapet. It was a small affair, of course, but awfully costly. The Boche must have been waiting for us. Half our men never got through the barbed wire. However, we got into the farm and went for the Boche with the bayonet. He put up a good fight before he cleared out, and then he got orders to go, and went at top speed to a line of trenches about a hundred yards away. Then we

collected ourselves. Of our men, Rob Elmore and myself and twenty men. Of the Frenchies, de Beauvilliers, Père Hubert, a sergeant and eleven men, of whom three badly wounded. Not a very pleasant prospect, unless supports came up before the counter-attack began. We were all pretty well done, and there were a lot of corpses to dispose of. De Beauvilliers hummed a song, suggested a meal, and seeing whether the Boche had left any wine behind.

About four o'clock in the morning a corporal of Rob's platoon, a man called Perks, who used to be a footman, reported a Boche aeroplane overhead, and supports coming out of our trenches. Then the Boche put up a barrage (you can't imagine the din it makes) and we knew our men would have to go back. Rob said, "Can't think why the Boche is so keen on this farm. It isn't worth all that high explosive. The sensible thing would have been to have got out of this while it was dark. When the counter-attack begins, we're done."

De Beauvilliers refused to think of retiring. We explored the farm. The old kitchen had a roof on and the great wide fireplace was untouched, and one small shed was standing, but the rest of the place was in ruins. However, there was a well, which was important. The Boche trenches between the farm and our lines were almost obliterated.

Père Hubert spent the day disposing of dead Boches and in praying over their graves. Also in looking after a wounded Boche, a funny little bull-necked silent man, with a face like a sulky gnome, who refused to give his name or say anything at all.

There was not much sleep for us that night waiting for the counter-attack, which, however, still held off. Corporal Perks found some Boche provisions in the kitchen cupboard, and at midday all of us except Elmore, Père Hubert, Perks, myself, and two Frenchies got together in the kitchen for a meal. Rob and I were watching the English trenches through our field-glasses and the others were doing sentry-go. Then over comes a Boche shell down on the middle of the farm, and practically wiped out the whole lot. When Rob and I went to look there were—I can't describe it, Catharine, but I can't get the sight away from before my eyes. The wounded Boche was sitting propped up against a bit of wall four feet high, whimpering. "Gott! ach, Gott! Gott!" and every man except one was killed, and he died an hour later. As for de Beauvilliers, you could not even pick him out from what was left.

All that night it poured with rain. The two Frenchies had camouflaged some sentries with deaders, and done some very good sniping, so probably the Boche thought the place was far

more strongly held than it was. He still continued dropping shells between us and our own lines, but, for some reason best known to himself, sent nothing else into the farm.

In spite of the rain and the suspense and the short rations, Corporal Perks waited on us untiringly. I told him he ought to be the Commander-in-Chief's batman, and that compliment made him quite expansive. He told me how he had been footman to Lady Gwendoline Paget, but how he liked Life and would have gone out to Canada if he had not been engaged to my lady's own maid. "Doris," he said, "didn't care about Life. I says to 'er, 'Wot are we doin' 'ere? Let's 'op it, and be off to Canada.' But she says to me, 'Naa,' says she, 'I like things *nice*.' But when this 'ere war comes along I says to 'er, 'Doris,' says I, 'my girl, I'm off. It's juty calls, and you can't stand up against juty.' 'Naa, 'Enery,' says she to me, quiet-like, 'Naa,' says she, 'I can't stand up against juty.' But Gawd, sir, it wasn't juty I was after—it was Life." And the fellow looked out over the muddy field between us and the Boche trenches and seemed positively to enjoy himself!

About an hour before dawn, when neither Rob nor I had had any sleep, I handed him one of my last two cigarettes and we had a smoke and a chat. We were sitting in the outhouse I told you of,

trying to keep dry. It must have been a byre, for there was an odour of cow about it still. Perks, with many apologies for intruding on gen'elmen, had been persuaded to crawl in too, and was asleep in a corner.

"Noel," said Rob to me, "I suppose it is true about—about God, and all that."

"You ought to know, your father is a Bishop." ("You damfool," I thought to myself, I remember, "to answer like that.")

"Shut up, you ass," said Rob. "What I want to know is, *is it?*"

I didn't want to rot up his belief if he had any, so I said he knew as much as I did. "What do you suppose comes after death, Noel?" "Oh, Heaven, and all that. Why do you ask *me?*" "Yes, but *Heaven*——" Rob insisted. "We say Heaven, but what do we mean? I should be bored to tears by golden harps and crowns and having to sing hymns and wave palms about; besides, nobody believes in that sort of tosh now."

The rain came splashing down, as we sat and stared out across the darkness. The Boche trenches were very quiet.

"I can't think why we don't cut and run now," he said. "It is only that ass de Beauvilliers who started us off with a tradition of *la garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas.*—To go on about Heaven.

What did that poet-chap who bust up with sunstroke in Greece say? Didn't he say we were going to float about on clouds and watch our old friends down here walking out with their best girls, and jaw with such friends as we had got with us on the clouds? Precious thin time we should have, eh, Noel?"

"Doesn't attract me much," I confessed, "but poets love to jaw."

Just then Père Hubert came up. He had been looking after the wounded Boche.

"Come along, Père Hubert," I said, "give us your ideas on Heaven."

"Do you want to know the teaching of the Sainte Église?" he asked, sitting down beside me. He understood what we said, but always answered in French.

"No, thanks very much," said Rob hastily. "We want to know what *you* think."

"Ah, but yes, I see." Père Hubert spoke slowly. "My ideas—yes." He waited for some time and then spoke again. "Life will be much easier when we are dead. As soon as we are rid of the body, all our sins of sensuality and gluttony will drop from us at once. Also all the temptations which come indirectly from the body's needs, the selfishness of the struggle for existence, and the pursuit of money. We shall not envy men their palaces or their thrones. We shall not

wish to possess more than other men do. Yes, the mere getting rid of the physical side of our nature will liberate us from much evil."

"*I* want to know," said Rob resolutely, "what we are going to *do* all the time. I hate being bored." I am sure Hubert smiled in the dark, but he went on obediently. "We shall know God's purposes from the first day of creation until now. Imagine to yourself how glorious, how absorbing to follow the thread of divine intention down all the ages, to know the reason of the rise and fall of nations, of civilizations, of religions! We may trace, if we will, the working of God's Providence in the life of each individual from Adam to ourselves. That will take a long time!"

"I am not sure," said Rob, "that so much historical research would interest me. It is rather the kind of thing I fled from at Cambridge. I think the past is played out. I don't want to go digging up mouldy bones, even to find out about purposes. What I am keen on is the future."

"We press forward to the Beatific Vision," said Père Hubert.

Rob didn't seem interested. "The rotten thing about dying," he said, "is your work being over. When I think I shall have no share in England's future, I feel beastly."

"In Heaven," Hubert continued, "we shall do to the full what we shall only have done in part

here, and all our faculties of mind and heart will have full play. Dans le Paradis, *moi* je serai Chartreux."

"You mean," I suggested, "that all our best ambitions will be realized."

"Yes."

I thought to ask, "What about Purgatory, Père Hubert? Don't you believe in that?"

"Yes, but that is only for a while. Our souls will be so eager to be purified that we shall yield ourselves to the fire with the joy that we have in accomplishing a penance here."

"What's that?" Rob asked. "Penance? Oh, rot."

There was a silence for some time, and then Rob said restlessly, "I wish I knew whether I believed in God."

"You do believe," said Père Hubert. "I only wish you were a Catholic. I could receive you now. There is plenty of water," he added humorously.

"Thanks — no — rather not!" cried Rob. "What on earth would my father say?"

"As for you," Père Hubert turned to me, "God is pursuing you. You have the name of the sacred birthday of Our Saviour. Why will you not believe? God has marked you with His mark. He seeks you."

I looked out across the darkness, at the great wide spaces full of falling rain, and thought of the

men in the trenches behind and before us, waiting to kill each other. No rest, no peace anywhere. The fear of death here. And God pursuing me. My God! Catharine, I wonder I didn't go mad.

Dawn broke. The rain stopped. We held a council of war, and decided that if we saw movement in the Boche trenches which looked like the beginning of a counter-attack, we should just cut and run, and that in any case if supports did not get up we should crawl into our lines during the next night. Rations were practically used up, and we all felt we hadn't much kick left in us.

There is not much more to tell. That day the Boche snipers were pretty active, so we dug ourselves again into what was left of the old trenches, and lay there. The night turned out to be very dark. There was a heavy mist and no moon or stars. Corporal Perks was very sad, "Becos all them pervisions was blown to bits, sir, or I might 'a got you a bit of 'ot supper before we started." But we didn't stand for a little thing like supper. Père Hubert insisted on bringing the wounded Boche along with him, for fear his friends should not come quick enough and find him! Quixotic, I call it, and *we* had to help carry him.

We hadn't gone halfway towards our own lines when we met a patrol coming out. They mistook us for Boches and as we could not manage to convince them that they were wrong

and they kept on firing at us, we crawled into a shell hole and lay in a foot of water until they moved off. When they had gone, we found we had lost our bearings and had no idea which way to go, so there was nothing to do but keep quiet till daybreak. At last through the white mist we saw the jagged outline of the ruined farm and started off in the other direction. After a few steps, Hubert heeled over and fell. "Je suis blessé," he said. We had to carry him, as well as the Boche.

As we stumbled over our parapet, all damp with the mist and dead beat, the men raised a cheer. I was glad they did, and it heartened us a bit, for, after all, we had run away, hadn't we? They got a doctor for Hubert, but it didn't need a doctor to tell us he was dying. (A man of our patrol had shot him through the chest.) He kept asking feebly for a priest, but there was no priest near. Then he beckoned me to kneel down by him and tried to say something to me about "mon village" and "mes pauvres," but I could hardly make out what he meant, his voice was so weak. He took my hand and put it to his lips and blessed me. Then he waited a little, lying still and gathering all his strength together. I knew he understood he was dying and wished to do the right thing. "Credo——" he said in quite a clear voice; and then again, more feebly, "Credo——" That was all. By the time they

had brought an Irish padre from the third-line trenches, Hubert was dead.

As for me, I am to be in hospital here for another fortnight or so, and then get a month's sick leave, I hope. You will think there isn't much wrong with me if I can write this everlasting letter. The fact is, I've been four days over it, and it has cost me five francs in bribes to get the paper. Perhaps now I shall *sleep*.

Good-bye, Catharine. What do you suppose Père Hubert is doing now?

Yours ever,
NOEL ASHTON.

---

30. *From Silvia Barrington to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE MANOR,
WESTON ST. STEPHEN.
June 23, 1916.

MY DARLING CATHARINE,

At last we have found—all of us—just exactly what we want to do. It came about in the most wonderful and in the simplest way, just as things always do, of course, when God arranges them. Only yesterday, I was busy gathering peas, when I looked up and there was Joan Burnside coming down the garden path with a soldier. He was tall and fair and handsome, though he limped rather, and as she is tall and fair and I think her beautiful too, they made a splendid pair. Of

course I knew at once that it was her sweetheart, the farmer's son who has been out in France all this time. I said, "What is it, Joan? What's the good news?" and she said, "Robert has been discharged from the Army, and we are going to be married as soon as the Duchess will let me go."

That evening she came into my room, when I was already in bed, and kissed me and said, "Silvia, you pious little goose, I've something to tell you. Promise not to laugh." Of course I promised at once. "When Robert came home," she said, "and I realized that all danger for him was over, and that we could be married and begin our lives together, I *thanked God.* I couldn't help it. I had to thank someone, and there didn't seem to be anyone else to thank. I am *sure* He heard." Of course I kissed her, and told her how glad I was. Isn't it lovely, her having found both God and her sweetheart, and having been led by joy like that? All the angels in Heaven and I are rejoicing together.

Well! now about our vocation. Of course you know that our time of training here is nearly finished. The Duchess isn't even going to keep this place on as a School of Agriculture and Horticulture any more. She's rather changeable, isn't she? First she had Belgians, and then us, and now she is going to have convalescent officers. What is going to happen to us is this. Mr. Porter (that's Joan's young man) is going to buy a farm

somewhere, and we are all coming to help. Joan wants us to "live in," but we knew we shouldn't *really* be wanted, so Esther, Vera, and I are going to find a cottage near, and be together. Part of the time we shall work in the garden and on the farm, and in the evenings we are going to do all kinds of things in the village and make village life attractive. As we shall be *workers*, we shall really be able to get to know the people and find out what they want, to keep them from being dull. Doesn't it sound perfectly delightful? We are quite sure there will be a lonely schoolmistress there who will help us, or daughters at the vicarage or something. Vera says we are to put an end to the church *v.* chapel feud, if there is one, and *we are not going to be patronized by the Squire's wife.* Of course we aren't going to begin setting the place to rights, I mean, not rush into the first cottage we come to and turn up our noses and say, "How stuffy it is in here! Don't you know that windows were meant to open?" We shall just *love* the people, and then see——

These lovely summer mornings, when all the birds sing, and I wake early, I lie and watch a great branch of a silver birch against a pale goldy-blue sky, and meditate about God revealing Himself through beauty. I am afraid I don't think as much about the Church as I used to, but more about God, *directly*, and about Our Lord. I hope it is not wrong. Perhaps it is being away from

Daddy. I must get churchified again when I go home! But when God is near me, I can't think about anything else, just as you can't think about the furniture and things when you are having a very intimate talk with the lady of the house.

When I am home after the end of term, I will be sure to come to Cambridge and see you.

With love,
SILVIA.

P.S.—I have been thinking so much about Noel lately. One night, about a week ago, I woke up and there he was standing by my bed. I thought for a moment he was killed and his spirit had come to tell me, but I don't believe he is, only perhaps in some special danger. *Do pray, Catharine!*

---

31. *From Mrs. Sutherland to Silvia Barrington.*

THE GRANGE,
SOUTH ROAD,
CAMBRIDGE.
June 30, 1916.

DEAR LITTLE SILVIA,

I am so glad you have found your vocation. I had been praying that just such an inspiration might come to you and your friends, so I cannot pretend to be surprised at your choice. My blessing go with you!

What you said about the Church has set me

thinking. It must be more than "furniture" surely, though I am not one of those people who can believe in the Church as a particular institution founded by Our Lord and destined to be the sole repository of truth throughout the ages.

This is how I put the matter to myself. You and I and all the people we know, are not only individuals with a need for direct personal intercourse with God. We are also social creatures, with need for human relationship, and with a natural tendency towards forming ourselves into societies. We have a power of apprehending God as He is found in the personalities of other human beings, and also of sharing in a group-consciousness of God. An over-individualized spiritual life is not a perfect one. The Church, then, is—or should be—the outcome of these other needs. As members of a Church and partakers of a corporate spiritual life, we are actually different, and more alive than we are when we stand alone. The Church ideally should include the whole of the human race, and in it, and through it, a kind of group—or universal—consciousness should be developed in each of its members. As to the *churches* and their divisions, I cannot see that it is necessary or desirable that they should all agree either in doctrine or in ritual, any more than that a body should be all head or all legs. What is essential is that the same life-blood should circulate through them all—the spirit of Christ.

I do hope and pray that as the countries of the earth are pressing forward to a League of Nations, so the churches—even the religions—of the world may be growing towards a League of Churches. We are beginning to understand that *Unity* and not *Uniformity* is the desirable thing; that the domination of one church over all the rest would be as pernicious as the sovereignty of one nation over all its vanquished foes. Multiplicity in Unity, the union of the Many and the One, seems to be the secret of harmony in human as in divine life.

Do you remember my speaking against *mass* religion in a letter of mine which I wrote to you a long time ago? I have learned a great deal since then—among other lessons, that my own conception of religion was over-individualized, too much concerned with a mystical union between God and the soul of the believer. I have not unlearned that precious truth, but I have added others to it. Men turn to each other now, as they never did before, and wish to go forward *together* to the throne of God. It is this instinct for fellowship which is satisfied by a living spiritual organism, a Body Mystical on earth, which we call the Church. But save me from a formal institutional church, an infallible priesthood, a lifeless set of unchanging doctrines!

Always affectionately,

CATHARINE.

32. *From Silvia Barrington to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE VICARAGE, FENBRIDGE.
August 5, 1916.

DARLING CATHARINE,

I am having a lovely time at home, and getting ready for real hard work next month, if Joan can find a farm in time. I think she and Mr. Porter are going to take one at a place called Childerford Fen, which is only about six miles away from here, but it is not quite decided yet.

Esther and Vera have gone to Scotland together for the vac. I am not quite happy about either of them. I wish they could come and talk to you. Vera is still trying to find a complete philosophical system. There seem to be a good many, at least, so she says, but they contradict each other. She wants to understand *everything* just as if she were God, instead of being satisfied to be able to find things reasonable *up to a certain point*, and then—I don't mean that they get *unreasonable*, but that one's mind isn't developed enough to understand any further. I wish I were clever and could explain properly.

Esther has started believing in really a *dreadful* God. She doesn't think any more that He "likes to see us squirm," but she looks round and sees laws here and laws there, and fire burning you just as much whether you know it is hot or not, and people catching cold just as much when they go to church in the rain as when they go to a

horse-race, and she says she has come to the conclusion that God is *Law*, and that He is "conditioned by His own limitations" (which Vera agrees with too), and that He couldn't be merciful if He wanted to, and that He can only be just. She says one has to find out what the laws of God are, and follow them or be crushed to bits. Isn't it dreadful? And yet I can't quite see where she is mistaken. She goes on doing the meditations about feeling kind to people, and she doesn't say the sharp things she used to, because she says we are all caught in the same machine and had better not add to each other's pain. But she isn't *happy*. Of course you would not expect her to be. I wish you would tell me what to do. I never *noticed* God's laws, except as a kind of solid foundation under my feet, or as walls in the temple of His love. One couldn't do *without* laws, could one? I do wish, though, that Esther were happier.

Do write soon, darling; it is very tiresome of you to go away just when I come, but you will be back before I go, won't you?

With all my love,

SILVIA.

P.S.—I went into Cambridge the other day to do some shopping, and just as I was coming out of that fascinating pastrycook's in King's Parade, where I had been buying some cakes for the kiddies, I met Noel. I stopped and held out my hand and said to him, "How are you, Noel?" and

he answered, "*Thanks, I am very well.*" And I said, "Won't you come to Fenbridge and see us, Noel?" And he answered, "*Thanks, I am afraid I shall not have time.*" Then he saluted, and walked away, while I stood looking after him, though my eyes were so full of tears that I could see nothing but a khaki smudge getting smaller and smaller in the distance. Fourteen words—I counted them! That was all he had to say to me. And oh, Catharine, he looked *so* unhappy, and so old. He had a kind of hunted look. Did he come and see you? Did you talk to him? Isn't there anything we can *do?*

P.P.S.—Please scold me if you think it is wrong of me to say anything to you about Noel, or to think about him at all. I do want to be good, and resigned to the will of God, but I do love Noel just as much as I ever did, and more.

---

33. *From Mrs. Sutherland to Silvia Barrington.*

Alderwood Farm,
Near Little Dunstan.
August 8, 1916.

Dear little Silvia,

Yes, Noel did come and see me, and, as you say, he is not happy. Perhaps savage man enjoys savage warfare, but modern civilized man is, in the majority of cases, far too sensitive to face the horrors of modern war. Noel certainly is not

lacking in personal courage, and he does not complain of what he has been through, or even wish to talk about it. When he is with me, however, I see the shadows of terrible happenings pass across his eyes, and I know that he is seeing pictures such as you and I have never seen. Like so many of the soldiers, too, he has no great belief in war to sustain him, and, though he offered himself to fight because he thought it was his duty, he looks on war as a barbarous and out-of-date method of settling disputes. I am sure, too, that the loss of his religion, and of you, my child, has left him very desolate. We had a long talk together, but he was never completely at his ease. He seemed afraid that I would find fault with him for something, and kept defending himself against censure which was never even thought, far less expressed. I felt stupid, useless, unable to convey to him my affection or my wish to serve him. Your Straightener has one bad failure to put to her account! I am so sorry, Silvia dear.

I am not in a very confident mood for giving advice, but when you next see your friend Esther Cunningham will you ask her how, if God is merely Law, love and mercy came into the world? I think she will admit that there are heights of devotion and of self-sacrifice which cannot be accounted for on any theory of morality being merely "enlightened self-interest"; or that fulfilment of legal obligation is the greatest good that

we have to bestow on those whom we love. And is the Creator, then, to be less noble than the creature? Could *we* be love, if God were merely law? Is not the very least that we can posit of God, that He should possess our finest qualities in a supreme degree? Besides, if God were nothing but a lawgiver and judge, are not all the ardours and raptures of the mystics both laughable and pathetic? They become the lunatics, not the geniuses, of the religious life. To aspire to ecstatic union with a mechanically working fount of laws, is as crazy as falling in love with the multiplication table. All religious experience assumes, consciously or unconsciously, that God is a Being capable of some warm and tender feeling towards His children. This does not mean that one *denies* His laws, or looks on Him as a capricious parent who may be teased or coaxed into granting favours, but that the essence of His nature is that self-giving activity which we call love. Law may be a means, but it cannot be an end in itself—Love can.

I do think, though, that Esther is nearer to the Light than she knows. I wish I felt as confident about Noel. We must go on praying for him, mustn't we? I wished the other day that I were a man—generally I am so glad I am *not*—for he seems to have such a distrust of feminine religion.

Good-bye, dearest.

CATHARINE.

34. *From Silvia Barrington to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE DOWER HOUSE,
CHILDERFORD FEN.
October 10, 1916.

DARLING CATHARINE,

You *must* come over and see us soon—you really must! Mr. and Mrs. Porter took the farm I told you about, and Esther and Vera and I have come to live at the Dower House. The Hall, which is a great big *huge* place and belongs to Americans who came here sometimes before the war, is all shut up, and the Dower House was the only empty house in the village. At least, it isn't in the village, it is in the park, and it is *very* old and red-brick, rather gloomy, like the second court at St. John's. Esther turns out to be quite rich, and she has a lot of things her father left her, and so we let her furnish it. And she has brought a dear old woman who used to be her nurse, to be a kind of housekeeper for us. She is such a lovely homey person, and she says "Bless you, dearie!" to Esther, and looks at her adoringly. Of course we are very happy. Haven't things turned out beautifully?

I told Esther what you had said about her, and she was pleased and touched, though she shook her head and said she could not believe it all. I couldn't help adding, though of course you know

much better than I do about all these things, that God's *Law* is Love, and that when people go contrary to the law of love, they go wrong and hurt themselves and other people. I wonder why people will be so *complicated.* If they would just love God and each other, everything would be so simple.

Well! you *must* come and see us and the Dower House soon. By the way, Esther is coming into Cambridge next Monday, to buy a few cushions and things. May she have lunch and a talk with the Straightener? It seems so funny she has never seen you, when I have told her such a lot about you. She knows just what you think about everything!

With heaps of love,
SILVIA.

P.S.—I don't forget about Noel, but I must not talk about him all the time, even to you.

---

35. *From Mrs. Sutherland to Silvia Barrington.*

THE GRANGE,
SOUTH ROAD,
CAMBRIDGE.
October 20, 1916.

DEAREST SILVIA,

I think you will like to hear about the conversation I had with your friend Esther Cunningham. I liked her exceedingly. She looks both sad and stern, but it seemed to me that she was

warm-hearted all the same. You would have enjoyed hearing her loving praise of you. I found, rather to my surprise, that she had come intending to tell me all about herself, to consult the Straightener, in fact, in the most businesslike way.

I heard, first of all, how Esther had in her childhood been given false ideas of religion by a very peculiar governess who planted in her heart a terror of God. This woman, who afterwards went out of her mind, used to describe to Esther the condition of the damned in Hell, and used to threaten her with the vengeance of the Almighty if she did not do her lessons. The gentle piety of the dear old nurse of whom you wrote me, seems to have been insufficient to counteract the unwholesome influence of the governess. Esther grew up with a morbid fear of displeasing God, and a belief in the saving power of church-going, Bible-reading, and the like. As you told me, her father was outwardly a very religious man. Esther described to me in the most vivid terms the gradual discovery which she made, that though her father observed all the letter of religion, he had none of its spirit, that he was, in fact, that rare phenomenon, a hypocrite. I judge him to have been a weak man, in whom craving for respectability and the good opinion of others, fought against vice. He had therefore but poor bulwarks against sin. When temptation came he yielded, and Esther's mother died of a broken

heart. The result on a sensitive girl can easily be imagined. It was natural that Esther should turn from her father and from the God whom her father had declared he served.

Esther retains, then, an instinctive belief in God and a certain fear of God. What she has not got is love of God.

We discussed her reconciliation with her father, and the method of meditation which has led up to the instantaneous act of her going to him directly she heard that he needed her. I pointed out that the decision was not the outcome of any logical process of reasoning, but of the deliberate training of her emotions and will in a right direction. I suggested to her that since she had the authority of the saints of this earth that God did both give and receive love, that she should perform two meditations daily, the first an *active* one, of thinking loving thoughts of God, and the second a *passive* one, of imaginatively receiving loving thoughts *from* God. She demurred, criticized the proceeding as artificial. I insisted that practice would give it reality—and that to try and save a soul by logic was like curing a sick man by asking his reason to assent to the correctness of a prescription without so much as having the medicine made up. (You might tell Vera that!)

Finally Esther agreed to try. She said, "Sometimes I feel at war with God and everyone else. I suffer so much that I must try something, even

a desperate remedy," and her strange dark eyes glowed with a sombre fire.

As she was saying good-bye, I felt a great impulse of affection towards her, and took her in my arms and kissed her, which was a very unprofessional act on the part of the Straightener, I am afraid! However, she seemed to understand, and kissed me warmly in return.

Good-bye, dear little Silvia. I will come one day soon and have lunch with you at the Dower House.

Always lovingly,
CATHARINE.

---

36. *From Silvia Barrington to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE DOWER HOUSE,
CHILDERFORD FEN.
December 1, 1916.

DEAREST CATHARINE,

Is it true that Noel has been wounded? You would know. Please write to me at once.

SILVIA.

---

37. *From Mrs. Sutherland to Silvia Barrington.*

THE GRANGE,
SOUTH ROAD,
CAMBRIDGE.
December 3, 1916.

MY DEAR LITTLE SILVIA,

I saw Mrs. Ashton yesterday. Noel is very dangerously wounded. His regiment was in rest

billets, when a German night-flying aeroplane came over, searching for one of our ammunition dumps which was about a mile away, and dropped a number of bombs on the village. Mrs. Ashton has not yet got full details of the occurrence, but I fear that Noel has been blinded, and that he has received other serious injuries as well. His mother wished to start at once for France, but in the brief letter which he dictated to someone—his nurse, I suppose—he particularly requests that she will make no attempt to see him.

My dearest Silvia, I am so sorry for you! I put both my arms round you and kiss you.

Always lovingly,
CATHARINE.

---

38. *From Mrs. Ashton to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE LODGE,
LATIMER HALL,
April 15, 1917.

MY DEAR CATHARINE,

I am writing to ask you to do me a service of a difficult and delicate nature. My dear son Noel, who, as you know, was so dreadfully wounded last December, has been sent home to England and is now in a hospital in the New Forest. While he was in France, he persistently refused to allow me or his father to travel out there to see him, alleging the difficulties and dangers of the

journey, the want of accommodation near him, etc., etc. Now he is in England he sends letters, written by some third person, to say that I am on no account to come. I cannot tell you how bewildered and wretched I am. Noel has always been such a good son, so fond of his parents, so considerate in every way, that I am at a loss to understand why he is so unfeeling. I had hoped to have had him home and to have nursed him myself, for I do not at all like to think of his being in the hands of strange young women. Not that I have anything to say against the nurses, I dare say they are very excellent young women many of them, but a mother is the right person to look after her own son.

I hear that you and the children are spending the Easter vacation at Foxhurst, which is within a few miles of the hospital where my dear Noel is. Would it be possible for you to call on the matron and make enquiries for me? It would be too painful for me to go there myself and perhaps to find the door shut in my face. The whole affair has been an inexpressible grief to me, and my poor husband is quite broken down.

With kind regards to you, and a kiss to each of the dear children,

I remain,

Yours affectionately,

EMILY ASHTON.

---

39. *From Mrs. Sutherland's diary.*

THE LIMES,
FOXHURST.

April 25.—I have written to Mrs. Ashton and to Silvia Barrington, giving an account of my visit to Noel, but I was not able to tell them more than half of what I saw. It was too sad, too terrible. I must write a full description of it here, or I shall not be able to sleep to-night. I wish the men and women who glorify war could see what I have seen to-day.

Noel is in a hospital where there are soldiers who are not only hopelessly maimed or disfigured, but who refuse to return to their own friends, who, in fine, cannot and will not face life. The place is lovely, an old Queen Anne house, of mellow red-brick, wistaria-hung; there is a great walled garden full of sweet-smelling flowers; and all round, the forest. Here lives Despair.

I saw the matron, first of all. She had chosen nursing as her career, then married a doctor. He was taken prisoner, detained in Germany, and died fighting a typhus epidemic in one of the prison-camps. His wife does not know whether he had any care at all during his last illness. For his sake and Our Lord's she has dedicated herself to this work of nursing soldiers broken by the war. She will stay here always; the other nurses, she tells me, are too much affected by the sadness

of the place to remain for longer than two or three months. They come with high hopes, and with great schemes for cheering up the men. After a while they go away baffled.

I had a long talk with her about Noel. Apparently he is one of the worst cases. He is quite blind ; one of his arms was blown clean off ; and one of his feet was so badly injured that it had to be amputated. He has therefore neither the resources of sight, manual labour, nor exercise. Other men, however, in similar circumstances, have shown, she tells me, a desire to live, and a capacity for enjoyment. Noel has neither. He has refused his food, been sullen, angry, determined to die. The matron alone is able to induce him to eat, and then only by great and fatiguing exercise of will-power on her part. She has tried in vain to persuade him to see his mother. He is frantic in his refusal.

I asked her whether there was any chance of his consenting to receive me, and she replied that she could but try. When she had left the room to go and ascertain, I felt quite faint with apprehension. The atmosphere of the place oppressed me ; I did not know how I should behave or what I should do when she took me into Noel's presence, still less how I should endure the disappointment if I were repulsed. How tell his mother that I had failed ? I looked out of the window into the garden. I could see two long chairs, and men

lying on them. In the distance a nurse was wheeling something in a chair. Some of them are only *bits* of men. It is too horrible—the quiet, the peace, the beauty, and then *that*.

The matron came back, looking radiant. "He will see you!" she cried. "I never thought he would. Will you please go in alone?" I followed her. She opened a door. I was in a bright sunny room whence French windows opened on a balcony. I looked at the bed, where lay a hunched-up figure. Noel was there, lying with his face to the wall. He did not move or speak as I entered. The matron closed the door behind me. I suppose I ought to have said something conventionally cheerful—but what? That I was glad to see him again? That it was a fine day, and that the sun, which he could not see, was so clear and pleasant in the room. I took his hand, which was lying motionless on the coverlet, put it to my cheek, and let my tears fall on it. I could say nothing. Presently Noel spoke in a low urgent voice, "Catharine, is it really you?" "Yes, of course, Noel." "Catharine, look at me! In my place, would you want to live? You have no prejudices. Come again to-morrow, and, Catharine, you could easily bring me some poison. If you went to one or two shops you could get enough. I have thought it all out," he gripped my hand, "Catharine, say you will."

For a moment I did not answer, I was too

utterly dumbfounded. I remembered how, a long time ago, I had airily held forth to two or three undergraduates, of whom Noel was one, on the Right to Suicide. Since then I had not reconsidered the subject, and consequently had had no occasion to reverse my judgment. All the same, Noel's request raised in me a passionate fundamental instinct to fight for his life, and to drag him from the brooding figure of death. "You are quite right, Noel," I said, "I have no prejudices against suicide. I have, on the other hand, a feeling that you are still of some use in the world." "I!" he exclaimed with incredible bitterness. "Look at me."

"I could see you better," I suggested, "if you would sit up."

He struggled impatiently into a sitting posture, and I arranged the pillows behind him. Then, still holding my hand, and speaking more to himself than to me, he began in the same hurried urgent tone to tell me what he had suffered. I could not describe it if I would, but the mere thought of so much pain makes me feel as if I must scream aloud. And he had nothing—no hope, no faith—to make it easier to bear—*nothing*. Perhaps more terrible to me than anything was his complete lack of interest in concerns other than himself. He never asked after his mother or Silvia, or put to me a single question as to the progress of the war. He was caught in the iron

circle of his own misery and longed for one thing only—namely, that he should cease to feel.

I asked him whether he still suffered, and he told me, no, not now, only that he was so weary and restless. Finally, muttering that he was dizzy, he lay down again, turned his face away, and told me I had better go. I went.

April 26.—I saw Noel again to-day. As I entered the room, he sat up in bed to greet me. He seemed, after his outpouring of the day before, to have little to say to me, and so I did most of the talking. I gave him news of his mother and father, of various mutual friends at Cambridge, and said, of course, nothing about Silvia, though I was thinking of her all the time. Finally I told him that it was spring-time and asked whether he did not want to be out of doors, feeling things grow. "I understand," he said bitterly. "You want to be seen pushing a wounded soldier about in a bath-chair. It is the fashion now. Thank you for nothing, Catharine; I stay here." I explained that I had hired a little pony chaise for the children, and that one morning I would borrow it and drive him down one of the grass lanes near by, right into the heart of the forest. I told him that I had much to say to him and that I could not speak freely between four walls but must be out in the open and far away from people. Without much interest, he agreed to come, and even promised to practise sitting up and being wheeled

about in the garden, for fear the motion of the pony carriage should make him faint. As I was going away, he gripped my hand and whispered, "You have not forgotten the poison, Catharine? Opium, I think. I know it will take you some time to get enough." I answered gravely, "I have not forgotten, but I am not yet convinced that you are of no use in the world, Noel." "I can soon convince you of that!" he cried. "Very well," I said, "we will have a talk in the woods. I have been thinking over the whole question of suicide."

April 30.—I have taken Noel into the forest as I had planned. There I related to him an experience of my own, quite simply and without comment, only praying that I might be able to help him. It was extraordinarily painful to me to live over again those months of loneliness and suffering, and to tell Noel, just because of his need and not because he is in any sense mine or near to me, what I have never told anyone. Since I never wrote of it in my diary, because at the time I was too weak, and afterwards too anxious to press forward to new life, I will attempt some account of it now. This, then, is what I told Noel:

Six years ago, I was very ill. The baby, to whose coming I had looked forward with so much joy, was born dead. I myself was not expected

to live. I can see the scene now, for something in me remained a passive spectator and watched with an aloof and remote interest. There were two doctors in the room, my husband, and my mother; and I, lying on the bed very still. Whether I opened my eyes or shut them, I saw standing at my feet a great grey angel with shrouded head and soft wings. I knew that it was the Angel of Death, and that it was waiting for me.

The doctors moved from the room. My husband followed them. I heard one say, "Is there *nothing* we can do?" and the other, "We have done everything we can. It will be all over in a few minutes." The first doctor spoke to my husband, "I suppose you know that Mrs. Sutherland is very ill." Around me in my room, a golden cloud had gathered. Looking up, I saw the faces of dear ones who had passed on before me to the shining land; and, past them, but yet near, that which I knew to be the unimaginable glory of God. As all my being reached out to unite myself with that glory, and the world of sense faded and became unreal, a quick patter of footsteps in the room over mine, arrested my attention. The children were awake and had run to Nannie's bed to give her a morning kiss. Presently they would ask for Mother. How should it be told them that Mother had died? Raising my arms, in a gesture that the onlookers took for the last movement of my tired body,

I pleaded to God for a taste of His strength that I might yet put from me the life of Heaven and return to life on earth. It was, perhaps, the only truly selfless prayer that I had ever conceived in my heart. As such it was granted. The Angel of Death no longer stood waiting beside me, and my mother, bending over me, saw with wonder that I lived.

It seemed, however, that I was not to be given back completely to human existence. Months passed and I failed to get into touch. People came in and out of my room, tended me, brought me flowers, spoke to me cheerily. I was not interested. They did not seem real. Some deep instinct made me concern myself with the little details of my children's welfare, but I felt no tenderness towards them, and the sight of them evoked no pleasurable emotion. My own being, my own weariness, my own soul-sickness, obsessed me. Sometimes I went over and over in my mind the scene of my illness and heard my cry of compassion for the dead baby. Sometimes strange phrases possessed me. I remember for days and days repeating to myself, "The vasty halls of death—the vasty halls of death," while I felt myself marching through endless vaulted chambers, silent, even without echoes, and chill with gloom. Again I would feel myself fly through ceaseless white spaces, seeking I knew not what, until through sheer weakness I grew numb, and the

wings of my imagination fell inert. Death called me. Death, which had let me go, seemed to repent of my release. She decked herself with moonbeams and pale immortelles, and haunted me whether I slept or waked. I began to understand that I should never be well, that all my life I should lie quiet and pale, and make everyone who came near me full of sadness. My husband would grow impatient, my children would turn from me. I had better die.

One day I asked the doctor what was the easiest way of taking my life. He asked me whether I wanted to write a story about it. "Oh, no," I said, quite unembarrassed. "*For myself.*" His look of horror told me how my request struck him. He stayed for an hour, trying to impart to me some of his sturdy common sense and belief in life. I turned from him, uninterested. I was not convinced by what he said, I only knew that he had failed me.

Just before my illness I had gone through a terrible period of religious difficulty. Now that I was weak, all my doubts returned like a flock of fiends to torment me. I became aware that I dreaded death, that I feared God, or the darkness that would receive me if there were no God. Death and Life seemed alike to refuse me—nowhere was peace to be found. No human help could come near me, for I seemed to myself remote from all the healthy normal men and women around me. I

could find strength neither in myself nor in others. I despaired.

Out of the very depths, then, I cried to God. I did not know whether I believed in Him, or whether, if God indeed there might be, He were not the offended judge of my poor soul. Yet to Him I cried.

Gradually I became aware that in the desolate white expanses of consciousness where I wandered, there was a Presence. I cannot express more clearly what happened. Little by little I found myself not alone, but in the company of some Being whose essence and light pervaded all my conscious and unconscious existence, and who, in the darkness, as in the light, had me in His care. Slowly and almost imperceptibly my days became irradiated by this Presence. Solitude ceased to be a terror without limit. Nature, which had been grey and lowering, took on more pleasant hues. People were no longer unreal, since the Presence made itself felt through them.

Like distant music drawing nearer and nearer to the awakened ear, like a fair landscape springing into light at the rising of the dawn, the whole of life arose into beauty and significance. My own sorrows fell away. What if I lay still and could not work—the whole of creation laboured unceasingly for the glory of God. If I could be of no practical use, I could yet declare to

men the Being of God. I was not only conscious that I was in touch with Him, but that He was everywhere, whether as the Beauty of Nature, as love in men's hearts, as the rhythmic motion of nations or of stars, or as the lonely God, standing in unconceived splendour apart from the strange complexity of His own handiwork. All care of whether I died or lived was past. The fact of God's existence, and of my knowledge of it, filled me to the brim with joy. Pain became a solemn chord in the symphony of creation's song. Song! I felt as if I could have sung aloud all day. Now I knew, now I understood! Now I joined hands and communed with those whom I had before but feebly adored from a distance, with Jesus of Nazareth and with his brethren and sisters everywhere. A certain sublime carelessness and sense of adventure came upon me. I wanted to see, to love, to suffer—and yet was content to do none of these, if so the life within me, which I felt to be God's life, flowed in quieter ways.

Naturally I began to get better. Having my little pipe joined to the fountain of God's goodness, I could no longer remain weak and powerless. No sudden miracle was wrought, but gradually I took my place again among my friends. Only that whereas the old mode of existence before my illness had been a restless, unsatisfied, tormented one, this existence took me from one enchantment to another. It is a life where *everything is worth while.*

When I had finished speaking there was a long silence, and then Noel said, "Thank you, Catharine." "Do you understand?" I asked him. "Yes," he said, "I do."

We drove in silence back to the hospital.

May 2.—I have spent two miserable and anxious days. When I went to the hospital on the morning after the drive in the forest, the matron met me with the news that Noel was very feverish and unwell, and would not see me. How I blame myself for my interference, and for my cursed love of ordering other people's lives for them! God knows how much harm I may not have done!

May 4.—This morning Noel sent for me. I found him sitting out in the garden under a chestnut tree. As I came near a nurse rose and hastily wheeled away a man with a horribly mauled face.

I took a chair near Noel. "Are you better?" I asked. "I suppose I talked to you too much."

"No," he answered. "No. I wanted to tell you—you remember what Père Hubert said, that God was pursuing me. I have given up running away. He has smitten me to the earth, and I am His. I despair, but I yield. As you said, He is there in those desolate spaces of the mind, where I too have been wandering. From Him there is no escape. Even in death I cannot hide from Him. I can't imagine," he actually smiled a little, "what use God can make of me, but here I am. What do you advise me to do next?"

I took a long look at Noel. He did not look happy; the yielding to God, whom he seemed to conceive of as the Hound of Heaven, had not even brought him peace. Still, I was infinitely content with what had happened.

"I should begin by acquiring a hand and a foot," I suggested. "And learning to walk and dress myself, instead of letting myself be waited on as if I were a baby."

He nodded. "A bore—but I'll do it. Next?"

"Go back to Cambridge and take up your work where you left it."

"Orders? How could I pass the exam. or read the service if I were ordained? And what message have I got for anyone?" At great length he explained to me the insuperable difficulties which stood in his way. Finally I was able to get a word in.

"The exam.—oh, get your people to read the books aloud to you. As for the liturgy, don't you know it by heart already? God will send the message. Don't bother about that."

I saw him ponder the thought. He drew a long breath, and moved restlessly. I shot my last arrow. "Then I should marry Silvia Barrington —take *that* up where you left it."

Noel turned on me. "Catharine! I may have been a coward, but I am not a cad. If you were in my place, would you ask any girl to marry you?"

"Yes," I said, "I should ask Silvia. She probably still looks on herself as your wife. I know the child. She has the obstinacy which none but those gentle flower-like people possess. I don't think she *expects* anything, but I do know that she is yours whenever you like to claim her. Why have I got the right to see you when she hasn't? I don't care a bit about you, you know I don't, Noel!"

"But she does?"

"She does."

Noel lay back on his pillows. "Go away now, Catharine," he said, "I am very tired. Write to Mother. Write to Silvia. Tell them they must help me. My will—my broken will——" his voice faltered.

"Our will is to know the will of God, Noel," I said. "Now we follow blindly. One day, perhaps, we shall understand why He dealt in just this manner with us. Good-bye, dear. You have made me very happy, and in time you will be happy too."

---

40. *From Silvia Barrington to Mrs. Sutherland.*

LATIMER HALL,
CAMBRIDGE.
May 3, 1917.

Oh, Catharine, Catharine, is it really true? Does Noel want me after all? When I got your

letter, I felt like taking the wings of the morning, or whatever it is that flies most quickly, and going straight to Noel. Of course I understand, though, that he would rather see his mother first, and me afterwards when he is not quite so helpless. I write "see," but you tell me Noel will never *see* again. That is very hard to bear, but in spite of everything I am just so happy I hardly know what to say or do. To think that I am going to have the *right* to devote my whole life to Noel! How good God is to me! Of course there are many difficult months and perhaps years ahead of Noel, but I know how brave he is, and now that, as you put it, *God has found him*, he is quite sure to be happy and to do all kinds of wonderful things to make the world better. He is so brave and splendid that he will not allow himself ever to be sad or to look back and think *what might have been*. Besides I am sure I shall love him so much that every day of his life will be full of sunshine. I have just written to tell Daddy and Mother all about it. I know how glad they will be. It is lovely to have parents who sympathize so, and mine are the darlingest and sweetest. I hope they will write and tell Noel what nonsense it was his saying he was ashamed to offer me the wreck of a man, just as if there wasn't the whole of himself, his real self, left for me to love. You too must try and make him feel *proud* of himself,

as we are all proud of him (though I don't agree with him about war, a bit more than I did three years ago).

Aren't you wondering how it comes that I am writing to you from Cambridge ? I knew I must not go to Noel, but I did so want to see his mother and father, and so I took the first train here (very slow, not nearly as quick as the wings of the morning !). Mrs. Ashton had already left for Foxhurst, but Dr. Ashton was in his study, and he gave me *such* a loving welcome. He looks so old and frail, and the hand with which he took down books from his shelves, trembled. What do you think he was doing ? Looking out the books that he and Mrs. Ashton are going to read aloud to Noel for his exam. Dr. Ashton wants to coach his son himself, with a little help from his wife, and he is so eager about it. It seems rather a pity Noel should have to learn what is in all those dry old tomes, when I am sure he is just full of things that he wants to tell people about God and His love, but Dr. Ashton handled the books ever so tenderly, so perhaps they are not dull after all.

We had a lovely talk together, and then lunch, and now he is having a little nap while I am writing to you. Please give—I mean read—the enclosed to Noel, and tell him that if he is happy, why then I am the most joyful girl on the face of

the earth. And *try* and explain to him how I love him, because I shall never, never find words myself.

With love,

SILVIA.

P.S.—I have something to confess. I wrote to you about ten days ago, when I was *very* unhappy about Noel, because of the account you gave of him and because I could not be of any use. I never finished it, for when I had written about three pages I put my head down on it and smudged it all over with tears. And then I was ashamed, and tore it up. I tried to think all day about the love of God, but though I could *feel* His love to *me*, it did seem to me He had been dreadfully hard on Noel. Only of course now I see that it was because Noel was so brave and wonderful that God called him to such *difficult* service for Him, whereas I am only Silvia and have to be treated very gently and not given too hard lessons to learn. I am very much ashamed of myself, and I thought I had better tell you.

---

41. *From Silvia Barrington to Mrs. Sutherland.*

THE DOWER HOUSE,
FENBRIDGE.
September 1, 1917.

DARLING CATHARINE,

My time of waiting is nearly over! At the end of the month I am coming to stay with Mrs.

Ashton and then I shall *see Noel.* I had a typewritten letter from him this morning. Isn't he getting on ? I am sure I should never have had the courage to do what he is doing. I *do* admire him—almost more than I love him. I can't help wondering a little, though, why he has kept me waiting for such a long time before letting me see him. It is rather as if I made him wait while I changed my dress and did my hair, if he came to call on me, instead of just running down at once.

I want to ask your advice. Don't you think perhaps we had better not be married until he has been ordained ? His mother and father will want to pet him up and arrange his work for him and read to him and all that. Besides, getting married might distract his attention from theology, and he would be so proud and happy if he did well in his exams. I think we had better wait, don't you ?

Esther says she wants me, and that she can't let me go just yet. We have had a wonderful summer here together. I don't know which has been the best, the work out of doors among the flowers and the birds ; or getting to know the village folk and entering into their lives ; or being friends with Esther and Vera and Joan and helping them (at least, they *say* I help).

Esther has followed your advice (not mine) and while she is out in the garden or the fields she meditates about the law of God being love ; and

then she offers up her work to Him and tries to make it a worthy sacrifice. She is getting much more serene and *confident* in her religion, and though she does not care for church in the way I do, and the services don't seem to mean so much to her, I know she has found her way of access to God, and that everything is really well with her. It is funny how she thinks *I* help her, because I don't do anything at all. Joan is very happy too, and there is a little one expected at the farm in November. If ever I have a baby, I shall be so joyful I simply shan't be fit to speak to, and just as proud as if mine were the only baby in the world.

I wish Vera were finding her own way to God too. She is very enthusiastic over land-work, but now and then she worries over the "complete philosophical system" that she hasn't got, or talks to me sadly about different theological doctrines which I can't very well understand. I am sure St. Peter and St. Andrew would never have been saved, if being a Christian had been so complicated. To hear Vera talk, you would think that no one would have a chance of getting to Heaven who hadn't taken a degree at a Scotch University.

If Noel can *spare* me for a minute when I am in Cambridge, I shall come and see you, Catharine. I have so much to thank you for. I can't write it, but you do understand, don't you? As for

thanking God, I ought to have a special Te Deum in King's, just for myself!

With all the love in the world,

SILVIA.

---

42. *From the diary of Mrs. Sutherland.*

October 5, 1917.—The children had just gone up to bed, and I was sitting by myself in the firelight, when the drawing-room door opened, and Noel Ashton walked towards me. When he heard my voice, he came forward, hardly hesitating at all, and took my hand almost as though he saw it. We sat down side by side on the sofa. He had much to tell me. First of all came praise of Silvia, to which I listened eagerly. I should have liked to hear how the lovers felt when they met, but he did not tell me, and I naturally did not ask. Next Noel spoke of his work, of the plans for study in which his mother and father were both so eagerly co-operating. He laughed a tender laugh when he described Mrs. Ashton's enthusiasm for theology and the way in which she and Dr. Ashton competed for the privilege of reading aloud to him.

"Mater has looked out my cap and gown," he went on. "And soon I shall be keeping lectures. One of our men at Latimer Hall will take me with him. Isn't it awfully jolly, Catharine?"

I agreed that it was, and rejoiced to see how our

kindly mother Cambridge was holding out her arms to him. May she be just such a haven of refuge to many another man home from the war! "I can't *see* Cambridge," said Noel. "But I can *feel* her. Silvia and I are going to walk back through King's this evening, and I know there will be a deep blue sky and soft stars sparkling in its depths, and the fretted outline of King's grey-black against the blue, and the court filled with trailing dusk. We shall look across the river, so still and gleaming, to the great trees in the Backs, and down-stream to Clare Bridge, and up the river to the black wall of Queens' rising sheer out of the water—oh, but it's good to be home again, Catharine. If only the war were over, and the Boche turned out of Belgium!"

For a while we talked of the war, and of the grand idea of the League of Nations which has grown in these few years from the dream of idealists to the sober programme of practical politicians, and of the great reorganization of the world on democratic principles which both Noel and I believe will take place when hostilities cease. I was surprised to find that Noel was less bitter against the Germans than he used to be. The "fellowship of suffering," I suppose. Not that he has any illusions about the crimes that some of them have committed, but that, having fought opposite to them and near them, he sees them as

fellow-men, and not, as some of our stay-at-homes do, as monstrous abstractions.

"By the way," he said, "talking about 'seeing' and 'feeling,' now that I am blind, I *feel* things that I only *saw* before. The same thing, in a way, was happening when I thought I did not believe in God. I *felt* Him all the time, though I could not *see* Him, but since I had been brought up to rely on the judgment of my intellect alone, I would not pay any attention to the evidence of my feelings. And the more I felt Him seeking me, the more I was unable to believe."

"That is the worst of Cambridge," I admitted. "It does over-intellectualize us. Still, there must be intellectuals somewhere, and I suppose a University town is the right place for them."

By-and-by I asked him whether he had found his "message." He hesitated a little. "Naturally I have done a good deal of thinking lately, but I don't know whether my conclusions have reached the "message" stage. One thing I have decided, and that is that I am not going to be professional, and talk down to my flock in an idiotic parsonic way. That was the best side of life in the trenches, how we all chummed up together, and I don't see why it should be lost when we get home. I am not going to pretend that I know everything and they know nothing." "Why not begin," I suggested, "by telling them to surrender

their *will* to whatever they know to be right, and serve the highest that they know, whether they call it God or Conscience or Humanity. By that act of surrender, you open yourself to divine grace, and you have the whole force of the supernatural behind you, to inspire and strengthen you. It is the best way to make a start—not to look around you for what *you* want to do, but for what God wants you to do, and then serve Him with eagerness as a lover serves his beloved." Noel assented. After a minute or two he continued: "One thing I am glad about, Catharine, is that I have got a *right* to tell men to forgive their enemies, and we have got to do it as we hope for forgiveness ourselves. If I had stayed at home and had some soft job and then jawed about forgiveness, no one would have listened, but *this*," he put his hand up to his blinded eyes, "and *this*," he touched his left arm, "gives me the right to forgive. I don't want it done in any soft and womanish way though"—"Womanish, Noel?" I interrupted. "Not in the way in which Nurse Cavell forgave her murderers, I suppose. Some better way?"

He laughed, "Oh, Catharine, I'm sorry—but you know what I mean. We want to be just to our enemies, but with love in our hearts, not hatred. To be both manly and womanly in our relations to them. Does that suit you?"

I agreed, and he continued, "I want to talk to people about direct religious experience, only that

will be the hardest of all to make clear. If my flock come to church every Sunday and look smug and give sixpence to the collection I shan't be a bit satisfied, but I shan't quite know how to get them stirred up." "I know," I said, "they have got to have a *passion* for a religion, to hunger and thirst after righteousness, to feel that the older they get, the nearer they must come to God. You can't be satisfied with less. Religion has got to be their daily bread and their most marvellous romance, the most familiar and the most extraordinary happening of their lives. The best way to convince them that this must be so, is to be constantly aware of it yourself." Noel agreed. He had, however, something to add. "I'm not going to let their intellects rust, either. I shall give them simple Bible lectures, and talks about Church history and things. Silvia and I have all kinds of plans."

Here he launched out into a detailed account of the plans, which is too long for me to reproduce here. At last he said, half shyly, "To think that I am *glad*, Catharine, that the Boche shell did what it did to me! Of course there are a lot of things a blind man, who is also lame and one-armed, can't do, and so I shall have plenty of time to think. As you say, a man can't expect to get more out of his work than he puts into it, and unless I keep a lot of free time for communing with God, I can't be much use in showing other

people the way. If I were an ordinary able-bodied man, I might not have the strength of mind to go away apart and be quiet with God. You know what I mean, don't you, Catharine?" He smiled to himself. "Silvia will be active. *She* never need fear losing touch with God. Nothing could dim her vision. But I need physical blindness to keep mine clear."

Silence fell between us. Sitting there in the warm firelight, Noel and I each followed our train of thought.

Just then I heard voices in the hall. The door opened and Silvia ran into the room. She gave one hand to me and the other to Noel, and stood looking at him, radiant.

"Well, Silvia," I said. "We have been talking about messages. Have you a message to give to the world?"

"I?" she cried. "Oh, no, of course not. I am going to listen to Noel."

THEOLOGY LIBRARY
CLAREMONT, CALIF. A023435

BILLING AND SONS, LTD., PRINTERS, GUILDFORD, ENGLAND

A CATALOGUE OF THEOLOGICAL, ILLUSTRATED AND GENERAL BOOKS PUBLISHED BY JAMES CLARKE & CO., 13 & 14, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

CLASSIFIED ACCORDING TO PRICES,
WITH INDEX OF TITLES AND AUTHORS AT THE END.

New Books and New Editions Marked with an Asterisk.

THE "WORSHIP-SONG" SERIES.

Edited by W. GARRETT HORDER

Including

WORSHIP SONG (803 Hymns).
PSALMS AND CANTICLES (150).
ANTHEMS, ANCIENT AND MODERN (130).

For full particulars as to prices, etc., see separate Catalogue, which will be sent post free on application.

12/6 net

The Marprelate Tracts. By WILLIAM PIERCE, Author of "An Historical Introduction to the Marprelate Tracts." Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. net.

The "Tracts" reprinted in this volume are among the most famous in history. They were read eagerly everywhere in England, from the Court to the country farmhouse, when they appeared at the end of the sixteenth century. They are racy in style, and the unknown author, "Martin Marprelate," brings great resources of wit, humour and argument to bear in his tremendous onslaught upon the Bishops. Mr. Pierce gives a very scholarly edition of the tracts, enriched by many valuable and illuminating notes.

Dr. JAMES MOFFATT, in *The British Weekly*, says :—"Will rank as a standard edition. It is not possible to convey any idea of the historical scholarship and research which have gone to the making of this book, but Mr. Pierce will have his reward in the consciousness of serving the cause of religious liberty; and in the gratification of those who have to study the religious situation of England during the sixteenth century. . . . Their historical importance is considerable."

"One of the most valuable contributions to our history ever made."
Principal W. B. SELBIE.

10/6 net

THE POLYCHROME BIBLE

A New English Translation of the Books of the Bible. Printed in various colours, showing at a glance the composite nature and the different sources of the Books. With many Notes and Illustrations from Ancient Monuments, &c. Each volume is the work of an eminent Biblical scholar of Europe or America, and the whole work is under the general editorship of PAUL HAUPT, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, assisted by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.

The Book of Ezekiel. Translated by the Rev. C. H. TOY, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental Languages, and Lecturer on Biblical Literature in Harvard University. 208 pp. (89 pp. translation and 119 pp. notes). With nine full-page Illustrations (including a Map of Western Asia) and 102 Illustrations in the Notes. Cloth, gilt top, 10s. 6d. net.

For other Volumes in this Series see page 4.

10/6 net (*continued*)

***Evolution of Latin Christianity.** By JAMES HERON, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Belfast. Author of "The Church of the Apostolic Age," etc. Demy 8vo, cloth boards, 10s. 6d. net.

7/6 net

The Meaning and Value of Mysticism. By E. HERMAN, Author of "Eucken and Bergson." Second Edition. Demy 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 7s. 6d. net.

A Chronicle of the Archbishops of Canterbury. By A. E. MCKILLIAM, M.A. Demy 8vo. Photogravure Portrait and 16 illustrations. Cloth boards, gilt tops, 7s. 6d. net.

Christ's Vision of the Kingdom of Heaven. By JAMES STIRLING. Author of "The Stewardship of Life," "Finders of the Way," etc. Demy 8vo. Cloth boards, gilt top, 7s. 6d. net.

Hampstead: Its Historic Houses; Its Literary and Artistic Associations. By ANNA MAXWELL. Large foolscap 4to. Cloth boards gilt top. Four illustrations in colour and 32 full-page illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

A History of the United States. By JOHN FISKE, Litt.D., LL.D. For Schools. With Topical Analysis, Suggestive Questions and Directions for Teachers, by FRANK ALPINE HILL, Litt.D., formerly Headmaster of the English High School in Cambridge, and later of the Mechanic Arts High School in Boston. With 180 illustrations and 39 Maps. Crown 8vo, half leather, gilt top, 7s. 6d. net.

6/- net

THE POLYCHROME BIBLE

The Book of Joshua. Translated by the Rev. W. H. BENNETT, M.A., Litt.D., Principal of Lancashire Independent College, Manchester, formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. 94 pp., printed in nine colours (43 pp. translation and 51 pp. notes, including an illustrated Excursus on the Tel-el-Amarna Tablets and a List of Geographical Names). Eleven full-page Illustrations (one in colours) and 25 Illustrations in the Notes. Cloth, gilt top, 6s. net.

The Book of Judges. Translated with Notes, by G. F. MOORE, D.D., Professor of Hebrew in Andover Theological Seminary, 98 pp., printed in seven colours (42 pp. translation, 56 pp. notes). Seven full-page Illustrations (including a Map in colours and 20 Illustrations in the Notes). Cloth, gilt top, price 6s. net.

For other Volumes in this Series see page 3.

6/- net (*continued*)

***Isaiah in Modern Speech.** By J. E. McFadyen, D.D. Author of "The Wisdom Books in Modern Speech," "The Psalms in Modern Speech," etc. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s. net.

***The Unspeakable Gift, and other Sermons.** By Principal E. Griffith-Jones, D.D., author of "Faith and Verification," etc. Large crown 8vo, 6s. net.

The Wisdom Books (Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes). Also Lamentations and the Song of Songs in Modern Speech and Rhythmical Form. By John Edgar McFadyen, D.D. Professor of Old Testament Language, Literature, and Theology, United Free Church College, Glasgow. Author of "The Psalms in Modern Speech," "The Messages of the Psalmists," "The Problem of Pain," etc. Large Crown 8vo., cloth boards, 6s. net.

The Christian World Pulpit. Half-Yearly Volumes, cloth boards, 6s. net.

"A notable collection of the utterances of Protestant preachers on a wide variety of subjects which many people will rejoice to ponder at leisure."
The Glasgow Herald.

The Person of Christ in Modern Thought. By E. Digges La Touche, M.A., Litt.D. Donnellan Lecturer 1911-1912, Author of "Christian Certitude," etc. Demy 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 6s. net.

"A full and exhaustive treatment. . . Dr. Digges La Touche has produced a valuable introduction to the study of Christological speculation of the Modern Period, as well as an apologia for the less fashionable confessional Christology of the sixteenth century."—*The Commonwealth.*

"A book of considerable immediate service. . . There is no side of the subject unvisited."—*Expository Times.*

Through Science to Faith. By Dr. Newman Smyth, Author of "The Place of Death in Evolution," "Old Faiths in New Lights," "The Reality of Faith," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. net.

"We commend Dr. Smyth's work to the attention of all thoughtful readers."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

America in the East. By William Elliot Griffis, formerly of the Imperial University of Japan, Author of "The Mikado's Empire," "Corea, the Hermit Nation," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, with 19 Illustrations, 6s. net.

"We need hardly say that there is much that is interesting in the book."
Spectator.

Rev. T. T. Lynch: A Memoir. Edited by William White. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

6/- net (*continued*)

Faith and Verification. With Other Studies in Christian Thought and Life. By PRINCIPAL E. GRIFFITH-JONES, D.D. Large crown 8vo. with Photogravure Portrait, cloth boards, gilt top, 6s. net.

The House of the Secret. By KATHARINE TYNAN, Author of "For Maisie," "Her Ladyship," &c. Large crown 8vo. Illustrated. Cloth boards, 6s.

"Miss Katharine Tynan can always be depended upon for a good story told in a quiet and charming manner. As ever, it has a well-developed and well-constructed plot. We have thoroughly enjoyed this excellent story, and can recommend it very strongly."—*Bookman.*

The Story of Clarice. By KATHARINE TYNAN. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s.

"A story which is on a level with the best Miss Tynan has yet written. It is quiet and simple. We like 'The Story of Clarice,' and its reasonableness and soundness mark it out for popularity."—*Morning Post.*

Friend Olivia. By AMELIA E. BARR. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s.

THE HUMANISM OF THE BIBLE SERIES

Edited by PROFESSOR JOHN E. MCFADYEN, B.A. (Oxon), D.D. (United Free Church College, Glasgow), and D. RUSSELL SCOTT, M.A., (Late Pusey and Ellerton Hebrew Scholar in the University of Oxford). Large Crown 8vo. Cloth Gilt. Price 3s. 6d. net per Volume. The aim of the Series is to set forth the human experience that underlies, and is reflected in, the Bible. The doctrinal and theological treatment of the Bible has undoubtedly tended to obscure its transcendent human interest. This Series is an attempt to recover some of those ancient experiences and personalities which come to expression in the Bible, and to show how fascinating and relevant they are to the life of to-day. It seeks in a broad way to interpret the spirit of the Biblical books with which it deals, and to indicate their permanent human interest and worth.

Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s. net.

"If the series may be judged by its first volume it promises to fulfil admirably its purpose of making the Bible a more human book."—*Glasgow Herald.*

***The Beauty of the Bible.** A study of its Poets and Poetry. By PROF. JAMES STALKER, D.D. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s.

Pessimism and Love in Ecclesiastes and the Song of Songs, with translations from the same. By DAVID RUSSELL SCOTT, M.A.

"An able and exhaustive analysis and explanation of Ecclesiastes. The book teems with valuable instructions for men of to-day."—*Liverpool Courier.*

6/- net (*continued*)

The Individuality of S. Paul. By R. H. STRACHAN, M.A.

"Every page bears evidence of painstaking research. The volume will prove of signal value to the student."—*Aberdeen Daily Journal.*

Religion in Song: Studies in the Psalter. By PROF. W. G. JORDAN, B.A., D.D.

This is a most fascinating volume, eminently wise and helpful. To the preacher it is a veritable gold mine, while apart altogether from its religious power and insight it is a literary treat.

The Problem of Pain. A Study in the book of Job. By PROFESSOR JOHN E. MCFADYEN, D.D.

". . . . could have no better guide than this careful and masterly exposition, as noteworthy for its literary merit and sympathetic feeling as for its sound scholarship."—*Scotsman.*

Studies in Life from Jewish Proverbs. By W. A. L. ELMSLIE, M.A., Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge.

Jesus and Life. By PROFESSOR JOSEPH F. MCFADYEN, M.A. Hislop College, Nagpur, India.

5/- net

Getting Together. Essays by Friends in Council on the Regulative Ideas of Religious Thought. Edited by JAMES MORRIS WHITON, Ph.D. (Yale). Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 5s. net.

Charles Darwin and other English Thinkers. With reference to their Religious and Ethical value. By S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 5s. net.

John Smith the Se-Baptist, Thomas Helwys, and the First Baptist Church in England. By WALTER H. BURGESS, B.A. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

The Private Relationships of Christ. By T. VINCENT TYMMS, D.D. Author of "The Mystery of God," "The Christian Idea of Atonement," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 5s. net.

Theology and Truth. By NEWTON H. MARSHALL, M.A., Ph.D. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 5s. net.

"The book is masterly both in constructive power and in exposition. . . . It is a book which ought to be widely read."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

The Growing Revelation. By AMORY H. BRADFORD, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

5/- net (*continued*)

***The Rosebud Annual for 1918.** The Ideal Book for the Nursery. Four Coloured Plates and printed in colour throughout. Coloured paper boards, varnished, 5s.

"A rich fund of enjoyment for the nursery."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

The New Testament in Modern Speech. With notes. An idiomatic translation into everyday English from the text of "The Resultant Greek Testament." By the late RICHARD FRANCIS WEYMOUTH, M.A., D.Litt., Fellow of University College, London, and formerly Head Master of Mill Hill School, Editor of "The Resultant Greek Testament." Edited and partly revised by ERNEST HAMPDEN-COOK, M.A., formerly Exhibitioner and Prizeman of St. John's College, Cambridge. New and revised Edition. Cloth boards, 5s. net. Leather 7s. 6d. net. Thumb Indexed, cloth, 6s. net. Leather 8s. 6d. net. Also on Oxford India paper, cloth boards, 6s. 6d. net. Leather, 8s. 6d. net. (*See also p.* 20.)

4/6 net

***Problems of To-morrow.** Social, Moral and Religious. Edited by F. A. REES. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 4s. 6d. net.

The Spiritual Pilgrimage of Jesus: The Bruce Lectures, 1917. By JAMES ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, M.A. With Introduction by PROF. JAMES MOFFATT, D.D. Third edition. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 4s. 6d. net.

Philippians. Expository Sermons on the Epistle of St. Paul. By DAVID BURNS. Author of "The Song of the Well," etc. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards 4s. 6d. net.

The Psalms in Modern Speech and Rhythmical Form. By JOHN EDGAR MCFADYEN, D.D., Professor of Old Testament Language, Literature, and Theology, United Free Church College, Glasgow, Author of "The Messages of the Psalmists," "Studies in the Psalms," "Introduction to the Old Testament," etc. Second Edition. Large Crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt, 4s. 6d. net.

In the Father's House: the People's Prayer and Praise. By H. JEFFS, Author of "The Art of Sermon Illustration," "The Art of Exposition," etc. Large Crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt, 4s. 6d. net.

Dante For the People. Selected Passages from the Divine Comedy in English Verse. By GAUNTLETT CHAPLIN. Large Crown 8vo. Cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

J. B. Paton, M.A., D.D., Educational and Social Pioneer. By JAMES MARCHANT. Large crown 8vo, Photogravure Portrait, and Illustrations on Art Paper, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

4/6 net (*continued*)

Life's Beginnings. Wisdom and Counsel for Daily Guidance. Fifth impression. Printed on India paper and handsomely bound in leather, round corners and gilt edges, 4s. 6d. net (uniform with "The Pilot"). Also in silk grain cloth, 3s. net.

"One can easily understand how a compendium of the thoughts of master minds such as this may be a real stimulus in these days of stress. The battle of the world will be entered upon with a cheerful heart after a thoughtful perusal of the most noble passages allotted to each day by these discriminating anthologists. Should be in constant demand. One of the prettiest and most acceptable gift-books this busy season has seen."
Dundee Advertiser.

The Pilot. A Book of Daily Guidance from Master Minds. Contains nearly 2,000 of the choicest extracts systematically arranged for every day of the year. Printed on India paper and handsomely bound in leather, with round corners and gilt edges, 4s. 6d. net.

"A book of real daily value."—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

Ungilded Gold; or, Nuggets from the King's Treasury. Selected Passages from the Bible, arranged for Daily Devotional Reading (uniform with "The Pilot"). 384 pages, leather, 4s. 6d. net; also silk grain cloth, gilt lettering, red edges, 3s. net.

Reconstruction: A Help to Doubters. By ROBERT F. HORTON, M.A., D.D., Author of "My Belief," "Oliver Cromwell," etc. Large Crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

"J.B." J. Brierley, his Life and Work. By H. JEFFS, Author of "The Art of Exposition," "Portrait Preaching," "Concerning Conscience," etc. Large Crown 8vo, Photogravure and other Portraits, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

Selections from Brierley. ("J.B." of "The Christian World"), Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

Portrait Preaching. Studies in Bible Characters. By H. JEFFS, Author of "The Art of Exposition," "The Art of Sermon Illustration," etc. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

My Daily Meditation for the Circling Year. By J. H. JOWETT, M.A., D.D., Author of "Things that Matter Most," "The Passion for Souls," &c. Handsomely bound in cloth boards, gilt edges, with headband and marker, 4s. 6d. net.

Advent Sermons. Discourses on the First and Second Coming of Christ. By W. E. ORCHARD, D.D., Author of "Sermons on God, Christ and Man." Large Crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

4/6 net (*continued*)

Effectual Words. Sermons that led to Christ. Compiled by JOHN REID, M.A., Author of "The First Things of Jesus," "The Uplifting of Life," etc. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top. 4s. 6d. net.

Things that Matter Most. Short Devotional Readings. By J. H. JOWETT, M.A., D.D. Author of "The Transfigured Church," "Sharing His Sufferings," "The Passion for Souls," etc. Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, with headband and marker, 4s. 6d. net.

Sermons on God, Christ and Man. By W. E. ORCHARD, D.D. Author of "Modern Theories of Sin," "The Evolution of Old Testament Religion." Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

Illustrations from Art for Pulpit and Platform. By REV. JAMES BURNS, M.A. Author of "Sermons in Art." Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

The Unfettered Word. A Series of Readings for the quiet hour. By J. D. JONES, M.A., D.D. Author of "The Gospel of Grace," etc. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

Concerning Conscience. Studies in Practical Ethics. By H. JEFFS. Author of "The Art of Sermon Illustration," "Practical Lay Preaching and Speaking to Men," etc. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

Spoken Words of Prayer and Praise. A Book of Prayers. By S. A. TIPPLE. Author of "Days of Old," "Sunday Mornings at Norwood," etc. Cloth boards, 4s. 6d. net.

Days of Old, and other Sermons. By S. A. TIPPLE, Author of "Sunday Mornings at Norwood." Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 4s. 6d. net.

The Transfigured Church. By J. H. JOWETT, M.A., D.D., Author of "The Passion for Souls," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

The Art of Exposition. By H. JEFFS, Author of "The Art of Sermon Illustration," "Practical Lay Preaching," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

A Working Woman's Life. The Autobiography of MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 4s. 6d. net

The Gospel of Grace. By J. D. JONES, M.A., D.D., Author of "Christ's Pathway to the Cross," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

4/6 net (*continued*)

Life in His Name. By DAVID M. M'INTYRE, Author of "The Hidden Life of Prayer," &c. Handsomely bound in cloth boards, gilt edges, with headband and marker, 4s. 6d. net.

Modern Theories of Sin. By W. E. ORCHARD, D.D. Thesis approved for the Degree of Doctor of Divinity in the University of London. Demy 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

The Art of Sermon Illustration. By H. JEFFS, Editor of *The Christian World Pulpit*. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

The First Things of Jesus. By JOHN REID, M.A., of Inverness, Author of "Jesus and Nicodemus: a Study in Spiritual Life." Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

The Evolution of Old Testament Religion. By W. E. ORCHARD, D.D. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

My Belief. Answers to Certain Religious Difficulties. By R. F. HORTON, M.A., D.D., Author of "Cartoons of St. Mark," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 4s. 6d. net.

THE MESSAGES OF THE BIBLE

Edited by FRANK KNIGHT SANDERS, Ph.D., Woolsey Professor of Biblical Literature in Yale University, and CHARLES FOSTER KENT, Ph.D., Professor of Biblical Literature and History in Brown University. Super royal 16mo, cloth, red top, 4s. 6d. net per volume (To be completed in 12 Volumes.)

I. THE MESSAGES OF THE EARLIER PROPHETS. By Frank Knight Sanders, Ph.D., and Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D.

II. THE MESSAGES OF THE LATER PROPHETS. By Frank Knight Sanders, Ph.D., and Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D.

III. THE MESSAGES OF ISRAEL'S LAW-GIVERS. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D.

IV. THE MESSAGES OF THE PROPHETICAL AND PRIESTLY HISTORIANS. By John Edgar McFadyen, M.A.(Glas.), B.A.(Oxon.)

V. THE MESSAGES OF THE PSALMISTS. By John Edgar McFadyen, M.A.(Glas.), B.A.(Oxon).

VII. THE MESSAGES OF THE POETS. By Nathaniel Schmidt, M.A.

VIII. THE MESSAGES OF THE APOCALYPTICAL WRITERS. By Frank Chamberlin Porter, Ph.D., D.D.

IX. THE MESSAGES OF JESUS ACCORDING TO THE SYNOPTISTS. By Thomas Cuming Hall, D.D.

4/6 net (*continued*)

MESSAGES OF THE BIBLE (*continued*)

X. The Messages of Jesus according to the Gospel of John. By James Stevenson Riggs, D.D.

XI. The Messages of Paul. By George Barker Stevens, Ph.D., D.D.

XII. The Messages of the Apostles. By George Barker Stevens, Ph.D., D.D.

Volume VI. will appear shortly.

"Such a work is of the utmost service to every student of the Scriptures."
The Dundee Advertiser.

By J. BRIERLEY ("J. B.")

Faith's Certainties. By J. Brierley ("J.B."), Author of "Religion and To-day," "Ourselves and the Universe," etc. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 4s. 6d. net.

Religion and To-day. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 4s. 6d. net.

The Life of the Soul. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 4s. 6d. net.
"Vigorous in thought, rich in literary allusions, and incisive in style. . . Mr. Brierley is always convincing as well as ingenious."—*Methodist Recorder.*

The Secret of Living. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.
"This author has given several thoughtful volumes, but not one in which the ideal and the practical are so well blended and so skilfully contrasted as in the present."—*Liverpool Courier.*

Life and the Ideal. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 4s. 6d. net.
"This book is a book to read, and each section is food for constant reference and continued thought."—*Manchester Courier.*

Aspects of the Spiritual. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 4s. 6d. net.
"These essays are equal to the best he has yet produced. They cover an immense variety of subjects."—*Daily News.*

Sidelights on Religion. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 4s. 6d. net.
"Delightfully optimistic, a description which sums up as a whole this very interesting and helpful volume. It deserves to be widespread."
Pall Mall Gazette.

Religion and Experience. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 4s. 6d. net.
"This book is quite worthy to be placed alongside of Mr. Brierley's best work."—*Daily News.*

The Eternal Religion. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 4s. 6d. net.
"Well written and helpful."—*The Times.*

The Common Life. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 4s. 6d. net.
"A book which every minister ought to possess."—*British Weekly.*

Problems of Living. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 4s. 6d. net.
"These beautiful and charming essays."—*Hibbert Journal.*

4/6 net (*continued*)

By J. BRIERLY ("J. B.")—(*cont*).

Ourselves and the Universe: Studies in Life and Religion. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d. net.

"We have not for a long time read a brighter, cheerier, or wiser book."
Daily News.

Studies of the Soul. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d.

DR. HORTON says:—"I prefer this book to the best-written books I have lighted on for a year past."

Our City of God. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 4s. 6d. net.

"We say without hesitation that this is a most inspiring work."
Westminster Gazette.

3/9 net

The New Testament in Modern Speech. By the late RICHARD FRANCIS WEYMOUTH, M.A., D.Litt. Pocket Edition (without notes), cloth boards, 3s. 9d. net. Also on Oxford India paper, cloth boards, round corners, gilt edges, 4s. 6d. net. (*See also p.* 16.)

3/6 net

Dr. Isabel Mitchell, of Manchuria. By F. W. S. O'NEILL. Third edition. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net.

Under the Shadow of God. By H. W. MORROW, M.A. Author of "War and Immortality," etc. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net.

A Gamble with Life. By SILAS K. HOCKING, Author of "To Pay the Price." Large crown 8vo, bevelled boards, 3s. 6d.

The Great Unfolding. Notes on the Revelation. By Colonel G. J. VAN SOMEREN, Indian Army (retired), Author of "Babylon: Past, Present and Future." Large Crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

Saint Paul's Fight for Galatia. By C. H. WATKINS, M.A., D.Th. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top. 3s. 6d. net.

Constructive Natural Theology. By Dr. NEWMAN SMYTH. Author of "Through Science to Faith," "The Reality of Faith," etc. Cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net.

Saint Paul and His Cities. By R. W. POUNDER, Author of "Historical Notes on the Book of Revelation." Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

The Song of the Well, and other Sermons. By DAVID BURNS. Author of "Sayings in Symbol." Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net.

3/6 net (*continued*)

Until the Day Dawn. The New Testament Basis for a Doctrine of Inspiration. By Rev. J. Puleston Jones, M.A. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

Heaven and the Sea. By Frank Elias. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 16 Illustrations from classical paintings, 3s. 6d. net.

Voices of To-Day: Studies of Representative Modern Preachers. By Hugh Sinclair. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

What is the Bible? A Modern Survey. By J. Warschauer, M.A., D.Phil., Author of "Jesus: Seven Questions," "Problems of Immanence," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net.

The Wisdom of God and the Word of God. By W. Harvey-Jellie, M.A., B.D. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net.

Christ or Chaos? By E. S. Watson ("Deas Cromarty"). Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net.

Heavenly Visions. Studies in the Book of Revelation. By Rev. Charles Brown, Author of "Letters of Christ," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

Westminster Sermons. Dean H. Hensley Henson, formerly of S. Margaret's, Westminster. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

Religion and Miracle. By George A. Gordon, D.D., Author of "Through Man to God," "The Christ of To-day," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

The Winning of Immortality. By Frederic Palmer, Author of "Studies in Theologic Definition." Cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

Christian Certitude: Its Intellectual Basis. By E. Digges La Touche, Litt.D. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

Interludes in a Time of Change: Ethical, Social, Theological. By James Morris Whiton, Ph.D. (Yale), Author of "Divine Satisfaction," "Gloria Patri," &c. Cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

Evangelical Heterodoxy. By J. Morgan Gibbon, Author of "The Epistle to the Galatians." Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

3/6 net (*continued*)

The Christian of To-day. A Brief Description of His Thought and Life. By ROBERT VEITCH, M.A., Author of "The First Christians," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

The Story of Congregationalism in Surrey. By E. E. CLEAL. Demy 8vo, 464 pages, 46 Illustrations on art paper and Map, cloth bevelled boards, 3s. 6d. net.

Jesus and His Teaching. By ERICH VON SCHRENCK, Mag. Theol. Translated by J. WARSCHAUER, M.A., D.Phil. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net.

The Atonement in Modern Thought. A Theological Symposium. By Professor AUGUSTE SABATIER, Professor HARNACK, Professor GODET, Dean FARRAR, Dr. P. T. FORSYTH, Dr. MARCUS DODS, Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT, Dr. JOHN HUNTER, Dr. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, Dean FREMANTLE, Dr. CAVE, Dr. R. F. HORTON, Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, Principal ADENEY, Rev. C. SILVESTER HORNE, Rev. BERNARD J. SNELL, and Dr. T. T. MUNGER. Cheap Edition. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net.

"This interesting work. . . . Among the writers are men of great distinction. . . . Deserves careful attention."—*The Spectator.*

A Voice from China. By GRIFFITH JOHN, D.D.Edin., Hankow. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net.

The Story of the English Baptists. By J. C. CARLILE. Large crown 8vo, 320 pages, 8 Illustrations on art paper, 3s. 6d. net.

The First Christians; or, Christian Life in New Testament Times. By ROBERT VEITCH, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

Gloria Patri: or, Our Talks About the Trinity. By J. M. WHITON, Ph.D. (Yale). Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

The Christ that is To Be: A Latter-Day Romance. By Sir J. COMPTON-RICKETT, M.P. New Edition. Demy 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

Preaching to the Times. By Dean H. HENSLEY HENSON. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. net.

"Sound sense and scholarly solidity."—*Dundee Courier.*

The Dutch in the Medway. By CHARLES MACFARLANE. Author of "The Camp of Refuge," &c. With a Foreword by S. R. CROCKETT. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

3/6 net *(continued)*

The Quickening of Caliban. A Modern Story of Evolution. By Sir J. COMPTON-RICKETT, M.P., Author of "Christianity in Common Speech," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

AMELIA E. BARR'S NOVELS

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. net.

The Beads of Tasmer. **The Squire of Sandal Side.**
The Last of the MacAllisters. **A Border Shepherdess.**

3/- net

***Christ's View of the Kingdom of God.** By W. MANSON, M.A. Crown 8vo, 192 pp., cloth boards, 3s. net.

***The Decoration of the Cross.** By JOHN A. PATTEN, M.A. Crown 8vo, 192 pp., cloth boards, 3s. net.

The Personality of Jesus. By CHARLES H. BARROWS. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. net.

School Hymns, for Schools and Missions. With Music. Compiled by E. H. MAYO GUNN. Harmonies Revised by ELLIOTT BUTTON. Large Imp. 16mo, 3s. net.

A Pulpit Manual. Containing Prayers of Adoration, Confession, Petition, Thanksgiving, and Intercession; Suggestive Summaries; Orders of Service for Sacraments, Marriage, Admission to Communion, Church Festivals, and other Public Occasions. Compiled by JAMES BURNS, M.A., Author of "Illustrations from Art for Pulpit and Platform." Crown 8vo, cloth boards. 3s. net.

Messages of Hope. By GEORGE MATHESON, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E. Author of "Thoughts for Life's Journey," &c. Handsomely bound in cloth boards, gilt edges, 3s. net; leather, 5s. net.

Problems and Perplexities. By W. E. ORCHARD, D.D., Author of "Modern Theories of Sin," "Evolution of Old Testament Religion," etc. 304 pages, printed on India paper, cloth boards, 3s. net.

Thoughts for Life's Journey. By GEORGE MATHESON, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., Author of "Leaves for Quiet Hours." Cheap Edition. Cloth boards, gilt edges, 3s. net.

Things Most Surely Believed. By J. D. JONES, M.A., D.D., Author of "The Gospel of Grace," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. net.

Conquering Prayer: or, The Power of Personality. By L. SWETENHAM, Author of "Religious Genius." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. net.

3/- net (*continued*)

Leaves for Quiet Hours. By GEORGE MATHESON, F.R.S.E., D.D., LL.D., Author of "Words by the Wayside," &c. New and cheap edition. Handsomely bound in cloth boards, with chaste design in gold, and gilt edges, 3s. net. Leather, 5s. net.

Life's Beginnings. Wisdom and Counsel for Daily Guidance. Silk grain cloth, 3s. net. Also printed on India paper and handsomely bound in leather, round corners and gilt edges, 4s. 6d. net (uniform with "The Pilot").

"An admirable compilation. The authors have read widely and their selections from modern religious writers are made with taste and judgment. A very attractive and helpful little book."—*British Weekly.*

Ungilded Gold; or, Nuggets from the King's Treasury. Selected Passages from the Bible, arranged for Daily Devotional Reading (uniform with "The Pilot"). 384 pages, silk grain cloth, gilt lettering, red edges, 3s. net; leather, 4s. 6d. net.

The Glorious Company of the Apostles. Being Studies in the Characters of the Twelve. By the Rev. J. D. JONES, M.A., D.D. Cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. net.

"Many think that a readable sermon is a contradiction in terms. Let them read these pages and discover their mistake."—*Examiner.*

The Model Prayer. A Series of Expositions on the Lord's Prayer. By Rev. J. D. JONES, M.A., D.D. New Edition, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. net.

"Mr. Jones brings a cultured mind, a well-stored memory, and a gift of spiritual insight to the illustration of the Lord's Prayer."
Sunday School Chronicle.

Eucken and Bergson. Their Significance for Christian Thought. By E. HERMAN. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. net.

2/6 net

Christ; and the World at War. Sermons in War-Time. Edited by BASIL MATHEWS, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

A New Spiritual Impulse; or, Pentecost To-day. By L. SWETENHAM. Author of "Conquering Prayer," "War · The Cross of the Nations," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

Progress of the Soul. By S. LAW WILSON, M.A., D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

War and Immortality. By H. W. MORROW, M.A., Author of "Questions asked and answered by our Lord," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt, 2s. 6d. net.

2/6 net (*continued*)

Through a Padre's Spectacles. By J. Golder Burns, C.F. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt, 2s. 6d. net.

Poems. By Madame Guyon. Translated from the French by the late William Cowper, with a Prefatory Essay by D. Macfadyen, M.A. F'cap 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

The Appeal of Jesus. By T. S. Cairncross, B.D., Author of "The Making of a Minister," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

The Chosen Twelve. By James Golder Burns, B.D., of Glasgow. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Simon Peter's Ordination Day. Studies in the Twenty-first Chapter of St. John's Gospel. By the Rev. John A. Patten, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Ambrose Shepherd, D.D. A Memoir and Sermons. Written by Eric Shepherd. Edited by J. F. Shepherd, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, with Portrait, 2s. 6d. net.

The Making of a Minister. By T. S. Cairncross, B.D., Author of "Steps of the Pulpit." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

The Seriousness of Life. Sermons on Practical Subjects, with an Essay on Preaching. By James S. Rutherford, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards. 2s. 6d. net.

Through Eyes of Youth. A Book of Poems. By E. Cecil Roberts, Author of "Phyllistrata, and other Poems." Crown 8vo, cloth boards. 2s. 6d. net.

Homes and Careers in Canada. By H. Jeffs, Author of "The Good New Times," etc. 16 Illustrations on art paper. Crown 8vo, cloth boards. 2s. 6d. net.

Christian Union in Social Service. By J. C. Carlile, Author of "The Story of the English Baptists," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Self-Realisation. By C. H. Betts, LL.D., Author of "Fragments of Thought," "The Education of a Soul," "Living Pleasures," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Who was Jesus? The Answer of the New Testament. By D. H. Maconachie, B.A., B.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

The Translation of Faith. By H. Bulcock, B.A., B.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Studies in Christian Mysticism. By Rev. W. H. Dyson. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

2/6 net (*continued*)

Astronomy Simplified. By Rev. Alex. C. Henderson, B.D., F.R.A.S. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Phyllistrata, and other Poems. By E. Cecil Roberts. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Our Protestant Faith. By Rev. J. Stephens Roose, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

The Story of the Twelve: A Dramatic Poem in eight books. By Arthur Hay Storrow. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 2s. 6d. net.

The Waiting Life: By the River of Waters. By Hubert Foston, M.A., D.Lit. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

The Uplifting of Life. By Rev. John Reid, M.A., Author of "The First Things of Jesus," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

The Unveiled Glory; or, Sidelights on the Higher Evolution. By Rev. Luther Winther Caws, Author of "The Unrecognised Stranger, "The Unfolding Dawn." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Looking Inwards: Words Addressed to the Soul of the Church. By Edward Shillito, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

The Imperishable Word. By W. Charter Piggott. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Constructive Christianity. By William Souper, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Peter in the Firelight. By William Allen Knight, Author of "Our Syrian Guest," "No Room in the Inn," etc. Illustrated in Colours. Fancy Cover. Large crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

A Young Man's Ideal. By William Watson, M.A., Author of "Prayer," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Modern Minor Prophets. Edited, with a Chapter on "Lay Preaching and its By-Products," by H. Jeffs, Author of "The Art of Sermon Illustration," "Practical Lay Preaching and Speaking to Men." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Fifty Years' Reminiscences of a Free Church Musician. By E. Minshall. Crown 8vo, Photogravure Portrait, 2s. 6d. net.

Problems of Immanence. Studies Critical and Constructive. By J. Warschauer, M.A., D.Phil., Author of "The New Evangel," "Jesus: Seven Questions," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

2/6 net (*continued*)

Sculptors of Life. A Book for Young Men and Young Women. By THOMAS YATES. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

An Impregnable Faith. A Modern Pilgrim's Progress from Scepticism through Morality and Religious Optimism to Jesus Christ and the "Good Kingdom." By Rev. DAVID MELVILLE STEWART. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

A Lifted Veil. A Novel. By J. G. STEVENSON. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, 4 Illustrations, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Augustinian Revolution in Theology. By Rev. THOMAS ALLIN, D.D., Author of "Race and Religion." Illustrated by Comparison with the Teaching of the Antiochene Divines of the Fourth and Fifth Centuries. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

The Beatitudes and the Contrasts. By HUBERT FOSTON, M.A., D. Litt. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

King George and Queen Mary. By HENRY WARWICK. Illustrated by latest portraits on art paper. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Letters to a Ministerial Son. By A MAN OF THE WORLD. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Religion: The Quest of the Ideal. By J. M. HODGSON, M.A., D.Sc., D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

The Universal Over-Presence. By C. H. BETTS, Author of "Fragments of Thought" and "The Education of a Soul." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

The True Christ, and other Studies in "Whatsoever things are true." By W. L. WALKER, Author of "The Teaching of Christ," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Christ in Everyday Life. By EDWARD INCREASE BOSWORTH, Dean of Oberlin Theological Seminary. F'cap 8vo, India paper, cloth boards, round corners, 2s. 6d. net.

Lyrics of the Soul. A Book of Poems. By MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, Author of "Harvest Gleanings," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt edges, 2s. 6d. net.

The Immanence of Christ in Modern Life. By FREDERICK R. SWAN. With Introduction by J. BRIERLEY, B.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Health in the Home Life. By HONNOR MORTEN, Author of "A Complete Book of Nursing," "How to Treat Accidents and Illnesses," &c. Crown 8vo, art leather cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

2/6 net (*continued*)

The Challenge, and Other Stories for Boys and Girls. By Rev. J. G. STEVENSON, Author of "The Christ of the Children." 4to, cloth boards, 240 pp. Eight Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net.

Liberty and Religion. By P. WHITWELL WILSON, Author of "Why We Believe," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

The New Evangel: Studies in the "New Theology." By Rev. J. WARSCHAUER, M.A., D.Phil. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

"May be studied with advantage."—*Spectator.*

The Resultant Greek Testament. Exhibiting the Text in which the majority of Modern Editors are agreed. By the late RICHARD FRANCIS WEYMOUTH, D.Litt. Cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

A Young Man's Religion and his Father's Faith. By N. MCGHEE WATERS. Small crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 2s. 6d. net.

"It is an earnestly religious and well-written work."—*The Scotsman.*

The Good New Times. By H. JEFFS, Author of "Practical Lay Preaching and Speaking to Men." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

History of France, 1180-1314 A.D. The Growth of the Feudal Absolute Monarchy. With four maps, illustrating the changes in ownership of territory in France at different periods. By A. F. DODD (First Class in History Tripos, Cantab.). 2s. 6d. net.

Simple Cookery. Comprising "Tasty Dishes" and "More Tasty Dishes." Over 500 Tested Receipts. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

"A book that should be in every household."

The Children's Paul. A Life of St. Paul specially written for the Young. By Rev. J. G. STEVENSON. 4to, cloth boards, 8 Illustrations on art paper, 2s. 6d. net.

The Christ of the Children. A Life of Jesus for Little People. By Rev. J. G. STEVENSON. Cheap Edition. 4to, cloth boards, 12 Illustrations, 2s. 6d. net.

"It is the very loveliest life of Jesus for children ever written by a long way."—Rev. KINGSCOTE GREENLAND in *The Methodist Recorder.*

2/6 net (*continued*)

Stories of Old. Bible Stories Retold. By C. D. MICHAEL, Author of "Noble Deeds," "Deeds of Daring," &c. Cheap Edition. 4to, 288 pp., cloth boards, 8 illustrations, 2s. net.

The Christian World Album of Sacred and Standard Compositions for the Pianoforte. Edited by W. H. JUDE. (Uniform with "The Christian World Album of Sacred Songs."). Paper cover, 2s. 6d. net. Cloth boards, 4s. net.

The Christian World Album of Sacred Songs. Containing 94 Sacred Songs, in old notation and tonic sol-fa, selected from the choicest works of the most eminent composers. Edited by W. H. JUDE. 160 pages, paper cover, 2s. 6d. net; cloth boards, 4s. net.

A Popular History of the Free Churches. By C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.A. Cheap Edition, with additional Chapter. Cloth boards. 2s. 6d. net.

POPULAR EDITION OF EMMA JANE WORBOISE'S NOVELS

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

Abbey Mill, The.
Brudenells of Brude, The.
Canonbury Holt.
Chrystabel.
Emilia's Inheritance.
Esther Wynne.
Father Fabian.
Fortune's Favourite.
Fortunes of Cyril Denham, The.
Grey and Gold.
Grey House at Endlestone, The.
Heirs of Errington, The.
His Next of Kin.
House of Bondage.
Husbands and Wives.
Joan Carisbroke.
Lady Clarissa.
Margaret Torrington.
Millicent Kendrick.
Mr. Montmorency's Money
Nobly Born.
Oliver Westwood.
Overdale.
Robert Wreford's Daughter.
St. Beetha's.
Singlehurst Manor.
Sissie.
Story of Penelope, The.
Thornycroft Hall.
Violet Vaughan.
Warleigh's Trust.
A Woman's Patience.

2/- net

Christ and War. The Reasonableness of Disarmament on Christian, Humanitarian and Economic Grounds. A Peace Study Text Book. By WILLIAM E. WILSON, B.D. Preface by Dr. RENDEL HARRIS. Crown 8vo. Cloth boards. 2s. net. Cloth limp, 1s. 6d. net.

2/- net

The Church and the Next Generation. By RICHARD ROBERTS, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. net.

The Story of Joseph the Dreamer, told by Himself, and Other Poems. By ALFRED CAPES TARBOLTON. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. net.

The Judges of Jesus: Judas, Annas, Peter, Caiaphas, Herod, Pilate's Wife, Pontius Pilate. By Rev. J. G. STEVENSON, Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. net.

The Value of the Old Testament. By BERNARD J. SNELL, M.A., Author of "The Value of the Apocrypha," "Gain or Loss?" &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. net.

The Purpose of the Cross. By B. G. COLLINS. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. net.

Atonement and Progress. By NEWTON H. MARSHALL, M.A., Ph.D., Author of "Theology and Truth." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. net.

Authority and the Light Within. By EDWARD GRUBB, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. net.

Ideals for Girls. By the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A., Author of "Music and Morals." New Edition, crown 8vo, handsomely bound in bevelled boards, gilt edges, 2s. net.

"A book that all parents should place in the hands of their daughters."

PICTURE BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG

Pictures by LOUIS WAIN, HARRY B. NEILSON, J. A. SHEPHERD, ELSIE BLOMFIELD, etc.

Printed in colour, varnished boards, 2s. net.

Animal Fancy-Land.

Animal Picture-Land.

Animal Happyland.

Animals in Fun-Land.

Holidays in Animal Land.

1/9 net

Through Many Windows. Some Modern Parables. By ERNEST A. BIRCH. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 9d. net.

Life's Little Lessons. Addresses to Children. By VERNON GIBBERD. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 9d. net.

Old Testament Stories in Modern Light. A BIBLE GUIDE FOR THE YOUNG. By T. RHONDDA WILLIAMS, Author of "The Christ Within," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 9d. net.

The Merry Monopedes, and other Stories for Children. By VIVIAN T. POMERAY. Crown 8vo., cloth boards, 1s. 9d.

The Invisible Companion and Other Stories for Children. By EDWARD W. LEWIS, M.A., B.D., Author of "The Unescapeable Christ," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 9d. net.

Sharing His Sufferings. By J. H. JOWETT, M.A., D.D., Author of "The Passion for Souls," &c. Small crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 9d. net; leather 2s. 6d. net.

1/6 net

THE "FREEDOM OF FAITH" SERIES

F'cap 8vo, 128 pp., handsomely bound in cloth, with chaste design in gold. Price 1s. 6d. net.

The Simple Things of the Christian Life. By G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D.D.

The Letters of Christ. By CHARLES BROWN.

Christ's Pathway to the Cross. By J. D. JONES, M.A., D.D.

The Crucible of Experience. By F. A. RUSSELL.

The Passion for Souls. By J. H. JOWETT, M.A.

The Value of the Apocrypha. By BERNARD J. SNELL, M.A.

Inspiration in Common Life. By W. L. WATKINSON, M.A.

Prayer. By WILLIAM WATSON, M.A.

A Reasonable View of Life. By J. M. BLAKE, M.A.

"There are precious things in every volume, and the Series deserves success."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

***The Graves of the Fallen.** By JAMES BURNS, M.A., Author of "The Happy Warrior," "Sir Galahad," etc. Bound in fancy grey cloth, silver lettering. 1s. 6d. net.

The Man on The Road. By CHARLES H. BETTS, LL.D., A.S.P., Author of "Fragments of Thought," "Living Pleasures," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

1/6 net (*continued*)

The Well by Bethlehem's Gate. By WILLIAM ALLEN KNIGHT, Author of "The Song of our Syrian Guest," etc. Handsomely bound in cloth boards, gilt, 1s. 6d. net.

The Way and the Work. A Manual for Sunday School Teachers. By J. W. WIMMS, M.A., B.Sc. (Lecturer on the Theory and Practice of Education, University of London), and the REV. FREDERICK HUMPHREY. Crown 8vo, cloth boards. 1s. 6d. net.

For Childhood and Youth. Ideals of the Modern Sunday School. By THISELTON MARK, D.Lit., B.Sc., Author of "The Teacher and the Child," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Facets of Faith. Aspects of Spiritual Life and Thought. By A. W. BLUE. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

The Wayfarer at the Cross Roads. By ARTHUR PRINGLE. Author of "The Faith of a Wayfarer." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

J. H. Jowett, M.A., D.D. A CHARACTER STUDY. By FRANK MORISON. Illustrations on art paper. Fancy paper boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Chats with Women on Everyday Subjects. By EDITH C. KENYON, Author of "A Queen of Nine Days," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Faith and Form. An Attempt at a Plain Re-statement of Christian Belief in the Light of To-day. By HENRY VARLEY, B.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

The Reasonableness of Jesus. By FRANK Y. LEGGATT, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

The Making of Heaven and Hell. By J. M. BLAKE, M.A., Author of "A Reasonable View of Life," &c. Small 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Notes on the Life and Teaching of Jesus. By EDWARD GRUBB, M.A., Author of "Authority and the Light Within." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net: limp cloth, 1s. net.

The Faith of a Wayfarer. By ARTHUR PRINGLE. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Jesus or Christ? By Rev. J. WARSCHAUER, M.A., D.Phil., Author of "The New Evangel," "Jesus: Seven Questions." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Who Wrote the Bible? By WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D., Author of "The Growing Revelation," &c. New and cheap edition, 256 pages, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

1/6 net (*continued*)

Women and their Work. By MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, Author of "Harvest Gleanings," "Women and their Saviour" Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Sunny Memories of Australasia. By Rev. W. CUFF. Crown 8vo, cloth boards. Portraits and Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net.

Burning Questions. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

Reform in Sunday School Teaching. By Professor A. S. PEAKE. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Words by the Wayside. By GEORGE MATHESON, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., Author of "Thoughts for Life's Journey," &c. New Edition. Oblong, cloth boards, gilt top, 1s. 6d. net.

The Happy Warrior. An interpretation of the famous picture by G. F. WATTS. By JAMES BURNS, M.A. Author of "Illustrations from Art," etc. Bound in padded white porcelain, with silver lettering and photogravure frontispiece in box, 1s. 6d. net.

This beautiful booklet offers a message of tender consolation to the bereaved, and is dedicated to the memory of the gallant sons, who, by land or sea, have laid down their lives for the Empire.

The Great Hereafter. Questions raised by the Great War Concerning the Destiny of our Dead. By J. D. JONES, M.A., D.D., author of "The Gospel of Grace," "Our Life Beyond," etc. F'cap 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Sir Galahad. By JAMES BURNS, M.A., Author of "The Happy Warrior." With Photogravure Frontispiece of Watts's famous picture "Sir Galahad." Bound in khaki cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

Around the Guns. Sundays in Camp. By JAMES BLACK, M.A., of Edinburgh. Crown 8vo, khaki cloth boards, with design in colours, second edition, 1s. 6d. net.

Christ and War. The Reasonableness of Disarmament on Christian, Humanitarian and Economic Grounds. A Peace Study Text Book. By WILLIAM E. WILSON, B.D. Preface by Dr. RENDEL HARRIS. Crown 8vo, cloth limp. 1s. 6d. net. Cloth Boards. 2s. net.

How to Cook: The Art of Cooking made easy, with a chapter on the use of a gas oven. By J. S. MARSHALL. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Our Life Beyond. By J. D. JONES, M.A., D.D., Author of "Christ's Pathway to the Cross," "The Gospel of Grace," etc., etc. cloth boards, gilt lettering, 1s. 6d. net; white cloth, padded, in box, 1/9 net.

Oliver Cromwell. By R. F. HORTON, D.D., Author of "John Howe," "The Teaching of Jesus," &c., &c. Sixth Edition. Nineteenth Thousand. 1s. 6d. net.

"Worthy a place in the library of every Christian student."
Methodist Recorder.

1/6 net (*continued*)

Short Talks to Boys and Girls. By J. C. CARLILE, Author of "Talks to Little Folks." Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. net.

Tasty Dishes. A Choice Selection of Tested Recipes, showing what we can have for Breakfast, Dinner, Tea and Supper. It is designed for people of moderate means who desire to have pleasant and varied entertainment for themselves and their friends. It is a book of genuine and tested information. New Edition. Thoroughly revised and brought up to date. 130th Thousand. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d. net.

"No home ought to be without this timely, useful, and practical family friend."—*Brighton Gazette.*

More Tasty Dishes. A Book of Tasty, Economical and Tested Recipes. Including a Section on Invalid Cookery. A Supplement to "Tasty Dishes." New Edition. Price 1s. 6d. net.

"Every recipe is so clearly stated that the most inexperienced cook could follow them and make dainty dishes at a small cost."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

"The recipes given have been carefully tried and not been found wanting."
The Star.

Talks to Little Folks. A Series of Short Addresses. By Rev. J. C. CARLILE. Crown 8vo, art vellum, 1s. 6d. net.

"No one who reads this book can reasonably doubt that Mr. Carlile is master of the difficult art of catching and sustaining the interest of young people. He is wise enough to dispense with the preacher's framework, texts, introductions, &c., and at once he arrests attention by a direct question or a brief story."—*Literary World.*

1/3 net

The Price of Priestcraft. By HOWARD EVANS. Crown 8vo, paper covers, 1s. 3d. net; cloth, 1s. 9d. net.

"We wish for it a very large circulation. No one has served the cause of religious freedom better than Mr. Howard Evans by his labours in the Press and elsewhere."—*British Weekly.*

RECITATION BOOKS

By MARY E. MANNERS.

Crown 8vo, Linen Covers, 1s. 3d. each.

A Tale of a Telephone, and Other Pieces.

"Narrative pieces, suitable for recitation."—*Outlook.*

Aunt Agatha Ann: and other Ballads. Illustrations by ERNOLD A. MASON and LOUIS WAIN.

"Excellent pieces for recitation from a popular pen."—*Lady's Pictorial.*

1/3 net

The Joy Bringer : A Message for those who Mourn. By EMILY RIDGWAY, author of "The Sweet o' the Year," "The Gate Beautiful," etc. Tastefully bound in white porcelain and blue cloth, 1s. 3d. net.

A Week with the Fleet : Being Impressions of the Fleet at Work. By CECIL ROBERTS. F'cap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s. 3d. net.

Faith—To-day. By WALTER F. ADENEY, M.A., D.D., author of "How to Read the Bible," etc. F'cap 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 3d. net.

Kaiser or Christ? Sermons by the BISHOP OF LONDON, DR. JOHN CLIFFORD, DR. S. PARKES CADMAN, DR. GRIFFITH-JONES, DR. C. H. WATKINS, REV. THEODORE WOOD. Demy 8vo, paper covers, 1s. 3d. net.

Quaint Rhymes for the Battlefield. By a QUONDAM CRICKETER (C. D. STUDD, Belgian Congo, 1913). Cloth boards, 1s. 3d. net.

Sweet Peas and Antirrhinums. How to Grow Them to Perfection. By WILLIAM CUTHBERTSON, Author of "Pansies, Violas and Violets." Crown 8vo, coloured paper boards and frontispiece in colour, 1s. 3d. net. Written in a popular form for the amateur gardener by one who is a thorough master of his subject.

The Way of Remembrance. By J. A. HUTTON, M.A. Tastefully bound in blue and white with gilt lettering. 1s. 3d. net.

The Great Embassy. Studies in the Growth of Christianity. By CUTHBERT MCEVOY, M.A. Foolscap 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 3d. net.

Everychild. By HAROLD BEGBIE, Author of "Broken Earthenware." Crown 8vo, Frontispiece and cover in colours. 1s. 3d. net.

The Seed of the Kingdom. Devotional readings from the letters of Isaac Penington. Selected by JENNIE STREET (*Editor of the Sunday School Times*). Fancy Boards, 1s. 3d. net.

Flowers from the Master's Garden. By A. E. WINTER. Cloth boards, gilt lettering, 1s. 3d. net.

The Garrisoned Soul. Meditations on "Peace, Perfect Peace," by C. E. P. ANTRAM. Fancy cloth, 1s. 3d. net.

"It is just the sort of book, chaste and beautiful, contents and binding alike, that would make a pretty present on a birthday or a Church festival. Its size and its type make it suitable also to send to an invalid. Indeed, its cheering chapters would to many such, we are sure, act like a tonic, and be an efficient co-worker with the physician."—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

1/3 net (*continued*)

On the Rendering into English of the Greek Aorist and Perfect. With Appendices on the New Testament use of ΓΑΡ and of ΟΥΝ. Price 1s. 3d. net.

Women and their Saviour. Thoughts of a Minute for a Month. By MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, Author of "Harvest Gleanings," &c. Cloth, 1s. 3d. net.

"These 'thoughts of a minute for a month of mornings,' are the outpourings of an entirely unaffected piety."—*Glasgow Herald.*

Sunday Afternoon Song Book, with Tunes. Compiled by H. A. KENNEDY and R. D. METCALFE. 1s. 3d. net. Words only, 12s. 6d. per hundred net.

"The airs have been selected and arranged under the editorship of Mr. R. D. Metcalfe, and add so much to the value of the collection that this edition will easily supersede all others and give the work a new popularity with choral societies and others interested in church music."
The Scotsman.

Outline Text Lessons for Junior Classes. By GLADYS DAVIDSON, Author of "Kindergarten Bible Stories," &c. F'cap 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 3d. net.

"The book is simple and practical, and will be found suggestive and helpful by teachers."—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

How to Read the Bible. Hints for Sunday School Teachers and other Bible Students. By W. F. ADENEY, M.A. New and Revised Edition. Cloth boards, 1s. 3d. net.

"A most admirable little work. We know of no book which deals with this subject so clearly and adequately within so small a compass. It speaks of itself modestly as 'Hints for Sunday-school Teachers and other Bible Students,' but it is one of the very few manuals which are well worth the study of the clergy."—*The Guardian.*

A Religion that will Wear. A Layman's Confession of Faith. Addressed to Agnostics, by a SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIAN. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 3d. net.

The Divine Satisfaction. A Review of what should and what should not be thought about the Atonement. By J. M. WHITON. Crown 8vo, paper, 1s. 3d. net.

Health and Home Nursing. By Mrs. LESSELS MATHER, Health Lecturer to the Northumberland County Council. F'cap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 3d. net.

A book that should be in every household. Contains chapters on The Care of the Invalid, Homely Local Applications, Feeding the Invalid, Infection and Disinfection, Care of the Teeth, The Value of Foods, Influenza, its Causes and Prevention, Consumption, its Causes and Prevention, Digestion and Indigestion, Headaches, Home Nursing of Sick Children, What to do till the Doctor Comes, Habit in Relation to Health, The Health of the Town Dweller.

1/3 net (*continued*)

Wayside Angels, and Other Sermons. By W. K. Burford. Pott 8vo, cloth, 1s. 3d. net.

Morning, Noon and Night. By R. F. Horton, M.A., D.D. F'cap 8vo, parchment cover with gold lettering, 1s. 3d. net.

"Deeply suggestive, and as earnest as its fancies are pleasing and quaint."
Dundee Advertiser.

Christianity in Common Speech: Suggestions for an Every-day Belief. By Sir J. Compton-Rickett, M.P. Demy 8vo, 1s. 3d. net.

6d. net

Order of Memorial Service for those Fallen in the War. Containing full order of service, with prayers, address, suggested hymns, etc. 6d. net.

They that Wait. A Message for War Time. By J. H. Jowett, M.A., D.D. In this daintily produced brochure, Dr. J. H. Jowett presents an inspiriting message of comfort and hope for these times of anxiety and strain. 6d. net.

C. Silvester Horne. In Memoriam. April 15th, 1865—May 2nd, 1914. 64 pages, with portrait, 6d. net.

The Birthday of Hope. By J. D. Jones, M.A., D.D. Illustrated. Printed on art paper, with fancy cover and ribbon, 6d. net. Padded white cloth, lettering in gold, boxed, 1s. 6d. net.

The Ship's Engines. A Parable. By the late T. Campbell Finlayson, D.D. In vellum cover, 6d. net.

Rev. J. H. Jowett says:—"I am so glad you are issuing the article in the shape of the little booklet. I am sure it will be very helpful to many people, and will bring light and leading to many bewildered souls."

England's Danger. By R. F. Horton, M.A., D.D. Price 6d. net. Contents: Romanism and National Decay; St. Peter and the Rock; Truth; Protestantism; Holy Scripture; Purgatory.

"Good fighting discourses. They contend that Roman Catholicism has ruined every country in which it prevails and controvert the leading positions taken by Roman theologians."—*Scotsman.*

6d.

CLARKE'S SIXPENNY SERIES

Demy 8vo, Paper Covers.

Studies of the Soul. By J. BRIERLEY, B.A.
Ourselves and the Universe. By J. BRIERLEY.

4d. net

Holy Christian Empire. By Rev. PRINCIPAL FORSYTH, M.A., D.D., of Hackney College, Hampstead. Crown 8vo, paper cover, 4d. net.

"Rich in noble thought, in high purpose, in faith and in courage. Every sentence tells, and the whole argument moves onward to its great conclusion. Dr. Forsyth has put the argument for missions in a way that will nerve and inspire the Church's workers at home and abroad for fresh sacrifice."
London Quarterly Review.

3d. net

School Hymns, for Schools and Missions. Words only. Compiled by E. H. MAYO GUNN. Cloth limp, 3d.; cloth boards, 6d.; music, 3s.

2d. net

The Sunday Afternoon Song Book. Containing 137 Hymns. For use at "Pleasant Sunday Afternoons," and Other Gatherings. Compiled by H. A. KENNEDY, of the Men's Sunday Union, Stepney Meeting House. Twentieth Thousand, 2d; music, 1s.

"Contains 137 hymns, the catholic character of which, in the best sense of the term, may be gathered from the names of the authors, which include Tennyson, Ebenezer Elliott, Whittier, G. Herbert, C. Wesley, Thomas Hughes, J. H. Newman, Longfellow, Bonar, and others. While the purely dogmatic element is largely absent, the Christian life, in its forms of aspiration, struggle against sin and love for the true and the good, is well illustrated."—*Literary World.*

INDEX OF TITLES

	PAGE
Abbey Mill, The	22
Advent Sermons	9
America in the East	5
Animal Fancyland	23
Animal Happyland	23
Animal Picture Land	23
Animals in Fun-Land	23
Apocalyptical Writers, The Messages of the	11
Apostles, The Messages of the	12
Appeal of Jesus, The	18
Around the Guns	26
Aspects of the Spiritual	12
Astronomy Simplified	19
Atonement and Progress	23
Atonement in Modern Thought, The	15
Augustinian Revolution in Theology	20
Aunt Agatha Ann	27
Authority and the Light Within	23
Beads of Tasmer, The	16
Beatitudes and the Contrasts, The	20
Beauty of the Bible, The	6
Birthday of Hope, The	30
Border Shepherdess, A	16
Brudenelle of Brude, The	22
Burning Questions	26
Canonbury Holt	22
Challenge, The	21
Chats with Women on Everyday Subjects	25
Children's Paul, The	21
Chosen Twelve, The	18
Christ and the World at War	17
Christ and War	22, 26
Christ in Everyday Life	20
Christ of the Children, The	21
Christ or Chaos?	14
Christ that is To Be, The	15
Christ, The Private Relationships of	7
Christ's Pathway to the Cross	24
Christ's View of the Kingdom of God	16
Christ's Vision of the Kingdom of Heaven	4
Christian Certitude	14
Christian of To-day, The	15
Christian Union in Social Service	18
Christian World Album of Sacred Songs, The	22
Christian World Album of Sacred and Standard Compositions for the Pianoforte	22
Christian World Pulpit, The	6
Christianity in Common Speech	30
Chronicle of the Archbishops of Canterbury, A	4
Chrystabel	22
Church and the Next Generation, The	23
Common Life, The	12
Concerning Conscience	10
Conquering Prayer	16
Constructive Christianity	19
Constructive Natural Theology	13
Crucible of Experience, The	24
Dante for the People	8
Darwin, Charles, and other English Thinkers	7
Days of Old	10
Decoration of the Cross, The	16
Divine Satisfaction, The	29
Dr. Isabel Mitchell of Manchuria	13
Dutch in the Medway, The	15
Earlier Prophets, The Messages of the	11
Effectual Words	10
Emilia's Inheritance	22
England's Danger	30
Esther Wynne	22
Eternal Religion, The	12
Eucken and Bergson	17
Evangelical Heterodoxy	14
Everychild	28
Evolution of Latin Christianity	4
Evolution of Old Testament Religion, The	11
Exposition, The Art of	10
Ezekiel, The Book of	3
Facets of Faith	25
Faith and Form	25
Faith and Verification	6
Faith of a Wayfarer, The	25
Faith's Certainties	12
Faith—To-day	28
Father Fabian	22
Fifty Years' Reminiscences of a Free Church Musician	19
First Christians, The	15
First Things of Jesus	11
Flowers from the Master's Garden	28
For Childhood and Youth	25
Fortune's Favourite	22
Fortunes of Cyril Denham, The	22
"Freedom of Faith" Series, The	24
Friend Olivia	6

	PAGE
Gamble with Life, A	13
Garrisoned Soul, The	28
Getting Together	7
Gloria Patri	15
Glorious Company of the Apostles, The	17
Good New Times, The	21
Gospel of Grace, The	10
Graves of the Fallen	24
Great Embassy, The	28
Great Hereafter, The	20
Great Unfolding, The	13
Grey and Gold	22
Grey House at Endlestone, The	22
Growing Revelation, The	7
Hampstead, Its historic houses; its literary and artistic associations	4
Happy Warrior	26
Health and Home Nursing	29
Health in the Home Life	20
Heaven and the Sea	14
Heavenly Visions	14
Heirs of Errington, The	22
His Next of Kin	22
History of France, 1180-1314	21
History of the United States, A	4
Holidays in Animal Land	23
Holy Christian Empire	31
Homes and Careers in Canada	18
Horne, C. Silvester	30
House of Bondage, The	22
House of the Secret, The	6
How to Cook	26
How to Read the Bible	26
"Humanism of the Bible" Series	6
Husbands and Wives	22
Ideals for Girls	23
Illustrations from Art for Pulpit and Platform	10
Immanence of Christ in Modern Life, The	20
Imperishable Word, The	19
Impregnable Faith, An	20
Individuality of S. Paul, The	7
Inspiration in Common Life	24
Interludes in a Time of Change	14
In the Father's House	7
Invisible Companion, The	24
Isaiah in Modern Speech	5
Israel's Law Givers, The Messages of	11
"J.B." J. Brierley, his Life and Work	9
Jesus and His Teaching	15
Jesus and Life	7
Jesus or Christ?	25
Jesus, The Messages of, According to the Gospel of John	12
Jesus, The Messages of, According to the Synoptists	11
Joan Carisbrooke	22
Joshua, The Book of	4
Jowett, J. H., M.A., D.D.	25
Joy Bringer, The	28
Judges of Jesus, The	23
Judges, The Book of	4
Kaiser or Christ	28
King George and Queen Mary	20
Lady Clarissa	22
Last of the MacAllisters, The	16
Later Prophets, The Messages of the	11
Leaves for Quiet Hours	17
Letters of Christ, The	24
Letters to a Ministerial Son	20
Liberty and Religion	21
Life and Teaching of Jesus, Notes on the	25
Life and the Ideal	12, 17
Life in His Name	11
Life of the Soul	12
Life's Beginnings	9
Life's Little Lessons	24
Lifted Veil, A	20
Looking Inwards	19
Lynch, Rev. T. T.: A Memoir	5
Lyrics of the Soul	20
Making of a Minister, The	18
Making of Heaven and Hell, The	25
Man on The Road, The	24
Margaret Torrington	22
Marprelate Tracts, The	3
Meaning and Value of Mysticism	4
Merry Monopedes, The	24
Messages of Hope	16
Messages of the Bible, The	11
Millicent Kendrick	22
Model Prayer, The	17
Modern Minor Prophets	19
Modern Theories of Sin	11
More Tasty Dishes	27
Morning, Noon and Night	30
Mr. Montmorency's Money	22
My Belief	11
My Daily Meditation for the Circling Year	9
New Evangel, The	21
New Spiritual Impulse	17
New Testament in Modern Speech, The	8, 13
Nobly Born	22
Old Testament Stories in Modern Light	24
Oliver Cromwell	26
Oliver Westwood	22

	PAGE
On the Rendering into English of the Greek Aorist and Perfect	29
Order of Memorial Service for those Fallen in the War	30
Our City of God	13
Our Life Beyond	28
Our Protestant Faith	19
Ourselves and the Universe, 13,	31
Outline Text Lessons for Junior Classes	29
Overdale	22
Passion for Souls, The	24
Paton, J. B., M.A., D.D.	8
Paul, The Messages of	12
Person of Christ in Modern Thought, The	5
Personality of Jesus, The	16
Pessimism and Love in Ecclesiastes and Song of Songs	6
Peter in the Firelight	19
Philippians	7
Phyllistrata and Other Poems	19
Pilot, The	9
Poems. By Mme. Guyon	18
Poets, The Messages of the	11
Polychrome Bible, The 3,	4
Popular History of the Free Churches, The	22
Portrait Preaching	9
Prayer	24
Preaching to the Times	15
Price of Priestcraft, The	27
Problem of Pain, The	7
Problems of To-morrow	8
Problems and Perplexities	16
Problems of Immanence	19
Problems of Living	12
Progress of the Soul	17
Prophetical and Priestly Historians, The Messages of	11
Psalms, The, In Modern Speech and Rhythmical Form	7
Psalmists, The Messages of the	11
Pulpit Manual, A	16
Purpose of the Cross, The	23
Quaint Rhymes for the Battlefield	28
Quickening of Caliban, The	16
Reasonable View of Life, A	24
Reasonableness of Jesus, The	25
Reconstruction, A Help to Doubters	9
Reform in Sunday School Teaching	26
Religion and Experience	12
Religion and Miracle	14
Religion in Song	7
Religion and To-day	12
Religion: The Quest of the Ideal	20
Religion that will Wear, A	29
Resultant Greek Testament, The	21
Robert Wreford's Daughter	22
Rosebud Annual, The	8
School Hymns 16,	31
Sculptors of Life	20
Secret of Living, The	12
Seed of the Kingdom, The	28
Selections from Brierley	9
Self-Realisation	18
Seriousness of Life, The	18
Sermon Illustration, The Art of	11
Sermons on God, Christ and Man	10
Sharing His Sufferings	24
Shepherd, Ambrose, D.D.	18
Ship's Engines, The	30
Short Talks to Boys and Girls	27
Sidelights on Religion	12
Simon Peter's Ordination Day	18
Simple Cookery	21
Simple Things of the Christian Life, The	24
Singlehurst Manor	22
Sir Galahad	26
Sissie	22
Smith, John, the Se-Baptist, Thomas Helwys, and the First Baptist Church in England	7
Song of the Well, The	13
Spiritual Pilgrimage of Jesus	7
Spoken Words of Prayer and Praise	10
Squire of Sandal Side, The	16
St. Beetha's	22
St. Paul and His Cities	13
St. Paul's Fight for Galatia	13
Stories of Old	22
Story of Clarice, The	5
Story of Congregationalism in Surrey, The	15
Story of Joseph the Dreamer, The	23
Story of Penelope, The	22
Story of the English Baptists, The	15
Story of the Twelve,	19
Studies in Christian Mysticism	18
Studies in Life from Jewish Proverbs	7
Studies of the Soul 13,	31
Sunday Afternoon Song Book 29,	31
Sunny Memories of Australasia	26
Sweet Peas and Antirrhinums	28
Tale of a Telephone, A	27
Talks to Little Folks	27
Tasty Dishes	27
Theology and Truth	7
They that Wait	30
Things Most Surely Believed	16
Things that Matter Most	10
Thornycroft Hall	22
Thoughts for Life's Journey	16
Through a Padre's Spectacles	18

	PAGE
Through Eyes of Youth	18
Through many Windows	24
Through Science to Faith	5
Transfigured Church, The	10
Translation of Faith, The	18
True Christ, The	20
Under the Shadow of God	13
Unfettered Word, The	10
Ungilded Gold	9, 17
Universal Over-Presence, The	20
Unspeakable Gift, The	5
Until the Day Dawn	14
Unveiled Glory, The; or, Side-lights on the Higher Evolution	19
Uplifting of Life, The	19
Value of the Apocrypha, The	24
Value of the Old Testament	23
Violet Vaughan	22
Voice from China	15
Voices of To-day: Studies of Representative Modern Preachers	14
Waiting Life, The; By the River of Waters	19
War and Immortality	17
Warleigh's Trust	22
Way and the Work, The	25
Wayfarer at the Cross Roads, The	25
Way of Remembrance, The	28
Wayside Angels	30
Week with the Fleet, A	28
Well by Bethlehem's Gate, The	25
Westminster Sermons	14
What is the Bible?	14
Who was Jesus	18
Who Wrote the Bible?	25
Winning of Immortality, The	14
Wisdom Books, The	5
Wisdom of God and the Word of God, The	14
Woman's Patience, A	22
Women and their Saviour	29
Women and Their Work	26
Words by the Wayside	26
Working Woman's Life, A	10
Young Man's Ideal, A	19
Young Man's Religion, A	11

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
Abbott, Lyman	15
Adeney, W. F.	15, 28, 29
Allin, T.	20
Antram, C. E. P.	28
Barr, Amelia E.	6, 16
Barrows, C. H.	16
Begbie, H.	28
Bennett, Rev. W. H.	4
Betts, C. H.	18, 20, 24
Birch, E. A.	24
Black, J.	26
Blake, J. M.	24, 25
Blomfield, Elsie	23
Blue, A. W.	25
Bosworth, E. I.	20
Bradford, Amory H.	7
Brierley, J.	12, 13, 31
Brown, C.	14, 24
Bulcock, H.	18
Burford, W. K.	30
Burgess, W. H.	7
Burns, David	8, 13
Burns, Rev. J.	10, 16, 24, 26
Burns, J. Golder	18
Cadman, S. P.	7, 28
Cairncross, T. S.	18
Campbell, R. J.	15
Carlile, J. C.	15, 18, 27
Cave, Dr.	15
Caws, Rev. L. W.	19
Chaplin, Gauntlett	8
Cleal, E. E.	15
Clifford, John	28
Collins, B. G.	23
Compton-Rickett, Sir J.	15, 16, 30
Cowper, W.	18
Cuff, W.	26
Cuthbertson, W.	28
Davidson, Gladys	29
Dodd, A. F.	21
Dods, Marcus	15
Dyson, W. H.	18
Elias, F.	14
Elmslie, W. A. L.	7
Evans, H.	27
Farningham, Marianne	10, 20, 26, 29
Farrar, Dean	15
Finlayson, T. Campbell	30
Fiske, J.	4
Forsyth, P. T.	15, 31
Foston, H.	20
Fremantle, Dean	15
Furness, H. H.	3
Gibberd, Vernon	24
Gibbon, J. Morgan	14
Gladden, Washington	15, 25, 26
Godet, Professor	15
Gordon, George A.	14
Griffis, W. E.	5
Griffith-Jones, E.	5, 6, 28
Grubb, E.	23, 25
Gunn, E. H. M.	16, 31
Guyon, Madame	18
Hall, T. C.	11
Hampden-Cook, E.	8
Harnack, Professor	15
Harris, Rendel	24, 26
Harvey-Jellie, W.	14
Haupt, P.	3
Haweis, H. R.	23
Henderson, Alex. C.	19
Henson, Dean H. Hensley	14, 15
Herman, E.	4, 17
Heron, James.	4
Hill, F. A.	4
Hocking, S. K.	13
Hodgson, J. M.	20
Horne, C. Silvester	15, 22

	PAGE
Horton, R. F.	9
11, 15, 26,	30
Hunter, John	15
Hutton, J. A.	28
Jeffs, H. 8, 9,	10
11, 18, 19,	21
John, Griffith	15
Jones, J. D. 10,	16
17, 24, 26,	30
Jones, J. P.	14
Jordan, W. G.	7
Jowett, J. H.	
9, 10, 24,	30
Jude, J. H.	22
Kennedy, H. A. 29,	31
Kent, C. F.	11
Kenyon, Edith C.	25
Knight, W. A. 19,	25
La Touche, E. D. 5,	14
Leggatt, F. Y.	25
Lewis, E. W.	11
London, Bishop of	28
McEvoy, Cuthbert	28
McFadyen, J. E.	5
6, 7, 8,	11
McFadyen, J. F.	7
Macfarlane, Charles	15
M'Intyre, D. M.	11
McKilliam, A. E.	4
Maconachie, D. H.	18
Manners, Mary E.	27
Man of the World, A	20
Manson, W.	16
Marchant, Bessie	22
Marchant, J.	8
Mark, Thistelton	25
Marshall, J. S.	26
Marshall, N. H. 7,	23
Mather, Lessels	29
Matheson, George	
16, 17,	26
Mathews, Basil	17
Maxwell, A.	4
Metcalfe, R. D.	29
Michael, C. D.	22
Minshall, E.	19
Moffatt, James	8
Moore, G. F.	4
Morgan, G. Campbell	24
Morison, F.	25
Morrow, H. W. 13,	17
Morten, Honnor	20
Munger, T. T.	15
Neilson, H. B.	23
O'Neill, F. W. S.	13
Orchard, W. E.	
9, 10,	16
Palmer, Frederic	14
Patten, J. A. 16,	18
Peake, A. S.	26
Pierce, W.	3
Piggott, W. C.	19
Pomeroy, V. T.	24
Porter, F. C.	11
Pounder, R. W.	13
Pringle, A.	25
Rees, F. A.	8
Reid, Rev. J. 10,	11, 19
Ridgway, Emily	28
Riggs, J. S.	12
Roberts, E. Cecil	
18, 19,	28
Roberts, R.	23
Robertson, J. A.	8
Roose, Rev. J. S.	19
Russell, F. A.	24
Rutherford, J. S.	18
Sabatier, A.	15
Sanders, F. K.	11
Schimdt, N.	11
Schrenck, E. von	15
Scott, D. R.	6
Scottish Presbyterian, A	29
Selbie, W. B.	16
Sheppherd, E.	18
Shepherd, J. A.	23
Shillito, Edward	19
Sinclair, H.	14
Smyth, Newman	5, 13
Snell, Bernard J.	
15,	24
Someren, J. Van	13
Souper, W.	19
Stalker, James	6
Stevens, G. B.	12
Stevenson, J. G.	
20, 21,	23
Stewart, D. M.	20
Stirling, James	4
Storrow, A. H.	19
Strachan, R. H.	7
Street, J.	28
Studd, C. D.	28
Swan, F. R.	20
Swetenham, L. 16,	17
Tarbolton, A. C.	23
Tipple, S. A.	10
Toy, Rev. C. H.	3
Tymms, T. V.	7
Tynan, Katharine	6
Varley, H.	25
Veitch, R.	15
Wain, Louis	23
Walford, L. B.	22
Walker, W. L.	20
Warschauer, J.	
14, 19, 21,	25
Warwick, H.	20
Waters, N. McG.	21
Watkins, C. H. 13,	28
Watkinson, W. L.	24
Watson, E. S.	14
Watson, W. 19,	24
Weymouth, R. F. 8,	11
	23
White, W.	5
Whiton, J. M.	7
14, 15,	29
Williams, T. R.	24
Wilson, P. W.	21
Wilson, S. L.	17
Wilson, W. E. 22,	26
Wimms, J. W.	25
Winter, A. E.	28
Wood, T.	28
Worboise, Emma J.	22
Yates, T.	20

Headley Brothers, Printers, Ashford, Kent; and Bishopsgate, E.C.

THEOLOGY LIBRARY
332577 CLAREMONT, CALIF.

BV
4832
T5

Tillyard, Aelfrida Catharine Wetenhall.
Vision triumphant; a spiritual pilgrimage,
by Aelfrida Tillyard. London, J. Clarke [19
128p. 20cm.

1. Devotional literature. 2. European War
1914-1918--Religious aspects. I. Title.

CCSC/mmb

332577